

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVI.

APRIL, 1928

NO. 4



LEE AT STONE MOUNTAIN

Sorrow and pain and anger,
Hatred and death are fled.
It is only glory lingers
With the great immortal dead.
For they knew defeat—whate'er it cost—
Could never mean that their cause was lost!

Matthew Fontaine Maury

PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS

By CHARLES L. LEWIS, U. S. Naval Academy
Foreword by Commander RICHARD E. BYRD

VIRGINIAN, seaman, astronomer, hydrographic expert, author, traveler, and exile—always a great American. That sums up the bare facts in the life of the man who has been called “the pathfinder of the seas”—Matthew Fontaine Maury. ¶ This new life, the first adequate biography to appear, is based upon full and accurate records and bears the stamp of authenticity. It is an amazing story—the story of America’s greatest achievement in the conquest of the seas—of one of her most versatile and heroic sons—of a man who in defeat yet won lasting fame. ¶ A story every American should know.

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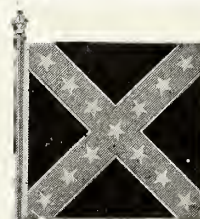
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James A. Burgess, of Cottage Grove, Oregon, who served with Company A, 41st Regiment, Mississippi Volunteers, would like to get in communication with any surviving comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He is now eighty-five years old, far away from the Southland for which he fought, and he would like to hear from some of his comrades of war days.

The following copies of the VETERAN are wanted by the Thomas Hackney Braswell Memorial Library, of Rocky Mount, N. C., and anyone having them for sale or donation will kindly correspond with Mrs. Nell G. Battle, Librarian. These copies are for April and November, 1901; June, July, October, 1902; July, 1906; January and March, 1907; December, 1910; August, 1912; July, 1914; June, 1922.

Miss Betty Woody, 311 West Oak Street, Weatherford, Tex., makes inquiry for information on the war service of James Wesley May and his son, Willis Abner May, of Rockford, Coosa County, Ala. At the beginning of the War between the States, the elder May worked at building gunboats, but later on was called into field service and was killed in battle. Willis Abner May was one of the young boys called out in the last year of the war. She wishes to learn their companies, regiments, and officers.

J. R. Booles, of Bernice, La., would like to locate any survivors of Company H, 12th Louisiana Regiment, with which he served. He is the only one of the command now living so far as he knows.



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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE SOUTH AND NORTH: A REUNION SONNET.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

Wherever roams sad story of South's fall—
Of how she bowed to lot strife could not stay—
World Patriot Band will hark to glory's call
And honor men who wore the stainless gray!
The gracious North, whose envy now has waned—
Who now esteems the Southland's loyalty
To Southern weal that honest wealth had gained—
Will clasp South's hand and laud her chivalry!

Aye! South and North now stand before the world
Together pledged to lead in civic plan
A holy aim—hate's tragic banner furled—
That cannot change! Nor time nor season ban!

May North and South together henceforth stand
To lead the march of our united land.

GENERAL LEE AT STONE MOUNTAIN.

On the 9th of April, 1928, sixty-three years after the surrender at Appomattox, the figure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, as carved on the granite side of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga., will be unveiled with imposing ceremonies.

This date was not selected unthoughtedly, nor was it selected with the idea of celebrating a defeat or surrender, and while it will bring up tragic memories of that dark day at Appomattox in 1865, rising above all that is the thought that sixty-three years after the surrender of the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia, and the hopes of the Southern people, its immortal leader has been acclaimed the greatest character in that drama of the sixties, and his carved figure on that mountainside will forever represent the triumph of true greatness over defeat.

The figure of General Lee is the outstanding one in the central group of Lee, Jackson, and Jefferson Davis, designed by Augustus Lukeman, and which is now being carved. The Association announces that the figure of General Lee will be practically complete, while that of his old war horse, Traveller, will be substantially roughed out for the unveiling. This equestrian statue is the most colossal in world history. From the brow of General Lee to the hoofs of the horse, the statue measures some one hundred and thirty feet in height, or as high as the average ten-story building; and from Traveller's forelock to the tip of his tail, it measures about 175 feet, or as long as the average city block.

Handsome invitations to the unveiling have been sent out, and the occasion will be of wide interest. The "Old Guard" of the Gate City Guard, a military company almost one hundred years old, will act as military host and guard of honor. Other ancient military organizations from Louisiana to New Hampshire have also been invited to participate.

The United States will be represented by a special committee composed of five members of the Senate and ten of the House, appointed under a joint resolution.

Governors of all States have been invited with their staffs; the officers of all Confederate organizations and other patriotic associations of the country; and a list of distinguished editors, educators, artists, and others.

The unveiling exercises will be held at two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, April 9, with Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, President of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, presiding.

The invocation will be given by Bishop H. J. Mikell, of the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta. Judge Marcus W. Beck, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, will be the principal speaker, and will accept the statue on behalf of the South, while Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, will accept it on behalf of the North. Maj. Giles B. Cooke, the last survivor of General Lee's staff officers, and Honorary Chaplain General, U. C. V., will deliver the benediction.

Master Robert Edward Lee IV, five years old, a great-grandson of General Lee and son of Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, will give the signal for the unveiling.

THAT VIRGINIA RESOLUTION.

The editorial in the March VETERAN on "Southern Toadyism" seems to have been generally appreciated, judging by letters coming from different parts of the country, and the action of the Virginia Lower House generally condemned. It is a satisfaction to learn that the Senate took no action whatever. A verbatim copy of the resolution as passed is somewhat different from that given out by the Associated Press, but it shows that the author of the resolution, Mr. R. Lindsay Gordon, of Louisa County, Va., is laboring under the same old misapprehension that Lincoln was a friend to the South. This is what he went out of his way to say of Lincoln:

"Resolved, That when the House of Delegates adjourns to-day that it adjourn in memory and honor of Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President of the United States, whose death was a distinct blow to the South, resulting in a national calamity."

It was a national calamity, but not such as would make us revere the memory of the man who forced war upon the South.

PRESERVING THE VETERAN IN BOUND FORM.—In writing for a set of the index to the VETERAN, T. S. Clay, Adjutant of Camp No. 756, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., says: "I appreciate most deeply the value of the magazine and desire to see that the complete work is bound and on file for the future reference of those who are to follow us and who will have to depend largely on such works to correctly inform them of the facts of our fathers' position, and those who were joined with them in the conflict on our country. It would be well to stimulate a movement among the Camps for binding their volumes thus to hand down to posterity information first hand from those who took part in the War between the States, which articles can never be duplicated. Surely many do not appreciate the value of such a historical collection, or these volumes would all be preserved."

APPOMATTOX.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL.

"The strife is over," spoke the peerless Lee.
They knew it true those men who fearlessly
Had fought for honor, right, and liberty

Four bitter years;

E'en the birds stopped singing in the trees,

A wind sobbed o'er the flowered leas,

The hosts in gray sent up mute, stricken pleas,

Prayers—and tears.

GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS NO 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result through no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend unto you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

THE PERPETUATION OF THE VETERAN.

The following suggestions come from Cortez A. Kitchin, Commander of St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., and are worthy of careful thought. He says:

"In renewing my subscription to the VETERAN, I cannot refrain from expressing my great concern for the accomplishment by loyal Southern people of three great enterprises that will make sure the perpetuation of the South's heroic and glorious part in the War between the States, and these are:

"The completion of the Stone Mountain Memorial.

"The construction of the Jefferson Davis Highway.

"The establishing of an endowment fund to perpetuate the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that it may stand forth like a great lighthouse for the generations to come, shedding its true, clear rays of historical light upon our country's history.

"This last-named enterprise is now more urgent and pressing than any other, for its attainment would virtually insure the consummation of the others and materially aid in their accomplishment.

"It is surprising to me that those of our Southern people who have been prospered since the war neglect so great an opportunity to contribute to the perpetuation of the memories and traditions of the South in her heroic struggle for right against might, especially when they realize their length of days is numbered and they are concerned as to how to dispose of their riches for the benefit of those who come after them. It is passing strange that it never seems to occur to them what good they could do for coming generations in perpetuating for them the valorous deeds of their Southern ancestry to inspire emulation to like noble lives. I should blush with shame to think it was due to indifference, and if it is due to thoughtless neglect, oversight, or lack of information, let me suggest the propriety of keeping, as do certain religious publications, as 'standing matter,' in bold type, an appeal to *will* makers to aid by their bequests to provide a foundation fund to continue this journal of Southern history indefinitely.

"Here in St. Louis alone we have had several wealthy Southern men to pass over in the last year or two, who, I am confident, would have liberally remembered patriotic Southern enterprises had they possessed the necessary information for doing so. I should be glad to aid such a movement in any way possible."

HISTORIC ORDER.

CONTRIBUTED BY SALLY WASHINGTON MAUPIN, FOURTH VICE
PRESIDENT, MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

The April copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN seems a fitting one for the publication, for the first time, of General Orders No. 24, issued by the Commander in Chief of the army of the Confederacy sixty-four years ago.

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
30th March, 1864.

"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 24.

"In compliance with the recommendation of the Senate and House of Representatives, his Excellency the President of the Confederate States had issued his proclamation calling upon the people to set apart Friday, the 8th of April, as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

"The General Commanding invites the armies to join in the observance of the day. He directs due preparation to be made in all departments to anticipate the wants of the several commands, so that it may be strictly observed. All military duties except such as are absolutely necessary will be suspended. The chaplains are desired to hold divine service in their regiments and brigades. The officers and men are requested to attend.

"Soldiers! Let us humiliate ourselves before the Lord our God, asking through Christ the forgiveness of our sins, beseeching the aid of the God of our forefathers in the defense of our homes and our liberties, thanking him for the past blessings and imploring their continuance upon our cause and our people.

R. E. LEE, *General*."

Official: G. M. SORREL,

Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General.

Official:

C. M. DEBUSSY, *Adjutant Attorney General.*

LIEUT. COL. I. LYLE CLARKE,

Commanding 30th Virginia Battalion, Virginia Volunteer Regiment Sharpshooters.

ATTENTION, FORREST'S MEN!

HEADQUARTER'S FORREST'S CAVALRY,
MEMPHIS, TENN., March 20, 1928.

All members of Forrest's Cavalry are requested and urged to send to me, at their earliest convenience, their full name and present address, when and where they joined the Confederate army, under whom they served, in what company, regiment, and brigade they served, and when and where they were discharged or surrendered. I desire to enroll every living member and have them all with us at the coming reunion at Little Rock, May 8-11, where every preparation is being made by the good people of Little Rock and the State of Arkansas for the comfort and pleasure of the Confederate veterans. Please write me at once. I want the name and address of anyone who served under Forrest at any time.

W. A. COLLIER, *Commander Forrest Cavalry.*

Memphis, Tenn.

TARES AMONG THE WHEAT.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

From time immemorial men have made or marred their fortunes by the matrimonial route. "The land where we were dreaming" attracted needy adventurers, black sheep—*i. e.* Black Republicans, masquerading preferably as lawyers or teachers. Among these adventurers, however, were honorable exceptions, whose descendants are loyal Southerners.

With characteristic hospitality, my kindred welcomed the stranger within their gates. Italian exiles, Hungarian refugees, Swiss emigrants, Germans, etc., received shelter and assistance. If some proved ungrateful, others returned to give thanks. Long after my paternal grandfather had gone to his reward, a German merchant (Gildermeister) bade his son, when touring the States, to look up descendants of Luther L. Smith, to whom he was indebted for friendly aid.

Early one morning (before freedom struck the land), a negro reported to my father that he'd seen three queer looking men in a deserted cabin. They were Hungarians, penniless, one quite ill, all starving. Father supplied their needs and pulled the sick man through an attack of yellow fever, then helped them to help themselves. Their worldly possessions, consisting of guitar, flute, and violin, suggested serenading parties, which, being popular, paid liberally. Everybody rejoiced till one of the minstrels ran off with their joint earnings. The others separated, and a solitary refugee now needed succor. Besides teaching music, Frank could give lessons in drawing, so mother, never weary of well-doing, contributed two pupils, friends followed her example, father loaned a horse, and Frank went it alone successfully.

It's a far cry to 1859. One midsummer night that year, after my elders had retired, I was poring over a book when there came loud knocking on the library door, which did not surprise me, as father, being a physician, often had unseasonable callers. Answering this summons, I saw vague outlines of a man, who, instead of entering, retreated into the shadows, muttering "muddy boots." Drunk or crazy, I thought, and wakened father, to whom the stranger presented a letter from Hon. Richard Broadhead, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, connected with our family by marriage. The letter explained that B. F. Barge was qualified as a college professor for the position he hoped to obtain. Meantime, the professor, of course, remained with us, receiving every attention due a guest. His ways, however, weren't our ways—Benjamin Franklin Barge didn't belong. Accepting the position of tutor in a private family in Natchez, he dropped out of our lives, but we learned that when his missionary activities were discovered, fearing he would be handled without gloves, the disciple of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe took French leave. For this little episode, Mr. Broadhead, a man above reproach, was blameless. He probably never again heard from his untrustworthy fellow citizen. The incident is related as a sample of Northern emissaries who vied with the heathen Chinese "in ways that are devious and tricks that are vain."

"Beast Butler" departed from New Orleans laden with spoils of war. During General Banks's régime was fought "La Bataille Des Monchoir," February 20, 1863. A very dear cousin, while under medical treatment, visited a Quaker family, Southern sympathizers, but on friendly terms with Federal officers, who, calling one evening accompanied by General Banks, suggested a dance. My cousin, an accomplished musician, complying with their request, selected a medley of popular airs, and, writing home about it, said: "I made Banks dance to Dixie!" One wonders whether those Yanks appreciated her joke.

While deploring conditions that made secession inevitable, my father never wavered in allegiance to the Confederacy. Until Port Hudson was beleaguered by land as well as by water, he helped provision the garrison, and throughout the war our defenders made his house their headquarters. When traveling had become difficult, learning that an old friend's son was ill in a hospital, mother went overland in her carriage, took charge of the sick soldier, and nursed him back to health. I also had an attack of malaria, and loathed food, but that Frenchman's appetite never failed; even when shaking with ague, he could and did eat heartily. A lady visitor seated next him at dinner, told me that, after prolonged silence, turning upon her such an earnest gaze that she expected nothing less than a proposal, he murmured: "That is a va-ry fine turkey!"

Giving "aid and comfort to rebels," and the fact that grandmother was Jefferson Davis's sister, Lincolmites treated as criminal offenses. What Yankee vandals didn't appropriate, they destroyed. Negroes, if unwilling to leave homes where they had been reared, were forcibly taken by their liberators. Among these a favorite servant and his little son (both devotedly attached to grandmother) wept bitterly when not even allowed to tell "Ole Mistis" good-by. We never saw or heard of them again. From all accounts, the poor creatures must have suffered great privations. Huddled together at Port Hudson, disease and death were added to their wretchedness. Survivors returned, all more or less ailing, but confident "Marse Joe" could cure them. Old family servants, for whose welfare grandmother was anxious to the last, gave touching proofs of affection. When she died, they kept silent watch all night outside her door, and asked the privilege of bearing her casket to the grave, a service since then rendered by their descendants to members of our family when laid at rest in the little graveyard at Locust Grove.

During the siege of Port Hudson, raiding bands committed brutal outrages. Farmers, obeying pretended orders for arrest, were found dead in adjoining woods, and no investigation vouchsafed. Mother, nearing confinement, had borne up bravely, but broke down under daily alarms. Father, our sole protector, was at home on guard when a drunken officer, coming to arrest him, could show no warrant. He said: "You can shoot me where I stand, I'll not go with you." Mother, helpless on her bed, bade me go to my father. I came upon an unforgettable scene—an unarmed man fearlessly facing a furious one brandishing a revolver. Stepping between them, I exclaimed: "You wear a soldier's uniform; would you disgrace it by killing a woman?" "What do you mean?" he asked. "My mother, desperately ill, hears your threats. If she dies, her blood will be on your head." "Can I see her?" Touched by what he saw, with lowered weapon and uncovered head, he passed through the room, mounted his horse, and rode away. Alas! a deathblow had been struck. One of prematurely born twins was laid in its dead mother's arms. A baby girl lived to comfort us, and the responsibility of guiding younger brothers and sisters devolved upon me. It was impossible to replace our devoted mother, but I gave them my youth.

As no other physician in our neighborhood would answer a call after dark during those troubled times, father was constantly in the saddle, never armed with any weapon more formidable than his penknife. On a very dark night, his horse was suddenly seized by the bridle, and to the demand, "Who's there?" a muffled voice replied, "Beg your pardon, Doctor. I mistook you for somebody else."

President Davis had announced that on the part of the South this war was to be conducted on the highest plane of civilized warfare. President Lincoln at once proclaimed that captured men were not to be regarded as prisoners, but as criminals. In violation of international law, medicines were declared contraband, and countless numbers died from lack of medicine and surgical appliances. Among these tragedies, I recall the death of gallant Dick Boone, admittedly the handsomest man in Louisiana. When his leg was amputated, he requested that they'd fire it out of a cannon as his last shot at the Yankees.

Possibly the following exploit has appeared in print, but it will bear repetition: Wright Lilly (a branch of our Smith tree), his brother-in-law, Judge H. N. Sherborne, and another comrade swam the river to avoid surrendering at Port Hudson.

The only one of my brothers old enough to serve enlisted in the same company with several cousins, whose furloughs, spent at our home, were gala days. Occasionally a crippled soldier brought encouraging telegrams, which we read eagerly. One morning a gray-clad man, looking wistfully over the garden fence, lifted his cap when he saw me, and asked if he could get something to eat. Inviting him indoors, I ordered breakfast for the hungry boy, and presently my maid brought a message from Mr. Burns, who, thanking me, requested permission to take his comrades what remained of a square meal. Where were these comrades, I inquired, and why didn't they come with him? Fearing three would be an imposition, he said, they had remained in the woods. "Go bring your friends," I told him, and I assured him that our soldiers were always welcome. The poor fellows had tramped weary miles, hoping to spend furloughs at their homes across the Mississippi River. Father had had numberless soldiers piloted to and fro, but there was danger of being captured now by Yanks guarding crossings. The two older men decided they'd take a chance, but Tom Burns decided otherwise. He had enlisted in the 1st Artillery from Donaldsonville, communication had been interrupted since his people moved, but he remembered their address. Father advised him to write and await reply; the answer stated that a brother was killed at Vicksburg, his sister had married and was staying with their father. Attempting to rejoin his company meant certain capture, thus Tom Burns had no alternative but watchful waiting. Meantime his scant wardrobe needed replenishing. Roughly constructed looms wove cloth suitable only for outer garments. Blockade runners, however, came our way, so my married sister and I planned a surprise for the boy. It was easy enough to make underwear without his knowledge, but outer garments needed careful measurement, a problem our laundress solved by assuming responsibility for the faded gray jacket while a tailor duplicated it. As a finishing touch, I embroidered his initials on two silk handkerchiefs, and wrote across the parcel, "From the ladies of 'Solitude.'" Tom Burns joined us at breakfast, looking very nice in his new outfit, and, blushing like a girl, thanked "The ladies of 'Solitude.'"

From time to time false rumors were circulated, and not until confirmed beyond any doubt did we believe that General Lee's invincibles had stacked arms. When this heart-breaking news came, my brother, William B. Smith, was at home on leave, so he and Tom Burns surrendered together. The latter accompanied his father to Brazil, where they were cordially received and were prospering when last heard from, but their experience was exceptional. Many I recall, foreseeing tyrannical rule in Dixie, sought foreign shores, whence they eventually returned to their homeland "sadder but wiser men."

The Constitution, denounced by Garrison as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," violated first by Lincoln, tampered with by subsequent administrations, still guaranteed some protection for which patriotic statesmen contended, and not in vain. Carpetbaggers fled before the rising tide; gradually out of chaos order emerged, and saner thinking followed. What is self-determination but State Rights under another name?

"Slow and patient, fair and truthful
Must the coming teacher be
To show how the knife was sharpened
That was ground to prune the tree;
He will hold the scale of justice,
He will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict
And will stand it without shame."

AN UNSUNG SOUTHERN HERO.

BY CHARLES W. SUPER, ATHENS, OHIO.

In 1876 there was published at Albany, N. Y., a volume entitled "Memoir of Lieutenant Colonel Tench Tilghman, Secretary and Aid to Washington," etc. On the title page of the volume before me some one has written with a pencil: "Oswald Tilghman." This volume has become so rare that it was impossible to find a copy in any second-hand bookstore anywhere in the country. As a frontispiece, there is a fine steel portrait of the subject of the volume, underneath which is his signature, plainly and almost artistically written.

It may be mentioned here that there are few schoolboys in this "land of the free and home of the brave," and certainly very few men who have reached what Dante calls the middle period of life, who have not read Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride." Howbeit, the New England poet does not vouch for the truth of his story and merely reports having heard it from a certain landlord. On the other hand, there is no event connected with or related to the war of the American Revolution that is better authenticated than the ride of the intrepid Southern horseman who is the subject of this brief sketch. And, be it noted, that the poet does not write as a historian, and claims the privilege of telling his story in his own way. Doubtless it is nearer the historical truth than the legend of Barbara Fritchie, which seems to have been constructed out of "very thin air."

When Alexander the Great visited the site of Troy, he felicitated the spirit of Achilles for having such a poet as Homer to sing his praises in a fitting manner. Our editor has written on the first page of his memoir: "Mortifying as may be the confession, the citizen of Maryland is unable to deny that his State, in common with all those which custom calls the South, a term which happily has lost much of its significance, is open to the reproach. He may be unwilling to acknowledge that his State is insensible to gratitude for valuable services, or incapable of appreciating exemplary virtue, yet it is too true that men in almost every department of human affairs have illustrated the history of this commonwealth, or shall illustrate it when history shall have been worthily written, will be found to have been almost entirely forgotten when the generation to which they belonged shall have passed away.

Fortunately this indictment no longer holds good. Tench Tilghman was born on Christmas Day of the year 1746, at Fausley, in the county of Talbot, Md., about two miles from Easton. The family had long been resident of the region. The mother of Tench Tilghman was the daughter of Tench

Francis, who emigrated from Ireland to Talbot County, where she married Tench Tilghman and became the mother of twelve children, who were equally divided between boys and girls. Tench was the oldest, and little is known of his early education; but it is remembered that he attended a private school in Easton, as he lived near the said town. At an early age, he removed to Philadelphia, where he later joined a military company which eventually became a part of Washington's army. By this act he disregarded the wishes of his father, who adhered to the cause of the crown. The father and son do not seem to have been alienated by this "rash act" of the latter.

In a letter of Washington's, still extant, he writes that he is having great difficulty in finding men suitable for his official family. Young Tilghman entered upon his duties in August, 1776, and filled his post until the close of the war. His very brief notes on the siege of Yorktown inform the reader of the successive steps that led to the surrender of the unfortunate British officer and his entire command. His occasional notes during previous years are also important, although his position did not permit much time for independent observations. It is well known, furthermore, that Washington was an inveterate letter writer. Howbeit, Colonel Tilghman's most conspicuous service was carrying the message of the surrender at Yorktown to Philadelphia. The journey seems to have occupied about five days, and the distance was probably about three hundred miles. He made numerous stops along the way to inform the people that hostilities were at an end, although the war did not close officially for nearly two years. Several days after the surrender, a broadside was issued in Philadelphia like this: "ILLUMINATION. Colonel Tilghman, Aid-de-Camp to his Excellency General WASHINGTON, having brought official account of the SURRENDER of Lord Cornwallis and the Garrisons of York and Gloucester, those citizens who chuse to illuminate on the Glorious Occasion will do so this evening at six, and extinguish their fires at nine. Decorum and Harmony are earnestly recommended to every citizen, and a general discountenance to every appearance of riot."

This proclamation was dated October 24, the surrender having taken place on the 19th. Colonel Tilghman died in the following year, but his widow lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight. He left two daughters, one of whom was born after his death. Mrs. Tilghman's last years seem to have been passed in comfortable circumstances.

Cornwallis surrendered about eight thousand men, while the Colonials and the French were about twice as numerous. But almost two years elapsed between the surrender and the declaration of peace. In those days, when there were neither steamships nor telegraphs, news traveled at a very slow pace and the movements of troops was correspondingly slow, as they could not be moved by rail cars, a mode of travel and transportation that was not yet even thought of. There is probably a good deal of matter on this topic contained in the correspondence of Washington which has lately been printed. He is known to have been an indefatigable correspondent, as letters were the only means of communication with congress. There is also doubtless a good deal of interesting matter in the Congressional Library at Washington, although there was no Washington and no Congressional Library in the eighteenth century, and no congress. There was also doubtless a considerable number of documents in the State Library at Richmond, Va., but there seem to be none at Annapolis.

AS OTHERS SAW US.

The following interesting article was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Rachel Shulenberger, of Hagerstown, Md., to whom it was given by the writer, now of New York City, and who was a newspaper correspondent at the time. Even though a peaceful scene is described, it is a vivid scene of peace in time of war, and glimpses the soon-to-be-activities of war and the sketch be made would doubtless make the scene very real even at this late day.

THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

(From our Special Artist and Correspondent, Frank Vizetelly.)

Two months ago, I rode through the log and canvas city illustrated in the engraving on the preceding page, and as I left it I lingered for a few minutes to make a farewell sketch. There was much of sorrow in the feelings that governed me at that moment. I was looking, perhaps for the last time, on the camp that sheltered men who had been my companions for nearly two years. What thoughts crowded on me then, what a kaleidoscope of great events whirled through my recollection! Many a gallant deed and many a well-fought field that I had witnessed with my Southern friends were reviewed rapidly as I rose in my saddle and waved a trembling adieu. There curled the blue smoke from the tent of Robert E. Lee, whose hand I had just shaken, and whose friendship I am proud to own; there were the quarters of the gallant Stuart, whose guest I had been for the past few days and whose hospitality in the field I had enjoyed for many months. Yes, every soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia was a comrade; we had marched many weary miles together, and I had shared in some of their dangers. This brought me nearer to them than years of ordinary contact could have done; and now, as I looked on their camp for perhaps the last time, I realized painfully and forcibly the many friends who were lying there, some of whom would breathe their last in the first glad sunshine of coming spring. Not only did I survey the camp of the living, but around me, on every side as far as the eye could reach lay spread the battle fields of Virginia; and in many a distant clump of pinewood slept their last sleep those whom I had known in life. *Requiescat in pace.*

Far away in the background, tipped with snow, towered the mountains of the Blue Ridge, every pass of which bears the imprint of the dead hero, Stonewall Jackson, and of the gallant men who fought with him in the Valley of the Shenandoah that lies beyond. Through these passes were made some of those wonderful flank movements which for celerity and success have challenged the admiration of the world. There, within the eye's glance, lay a classic ground, crimsoned with deeds that will make history for the future. The camp, which now looked so calm and peaceful in the clear winter's sunshine, with naught to disturb the quiet but the stroke of the pioneer's ax cutting fuel for the bivouac fire, would in a few short weeks be broken up. Across the Rapidan, which flows beyond the nearer crest of hills, lay the enemy, only waiting probably the first approach of spring to renew the awful drama that has spread desolation over many a once-smiling acre of Virginia soil. As I grasped the hands of my friends at leave taking, they knew that the present lull was but the forerunner of a coming storm; every man among them spoke hopefully and confidently of the future, and here, dispassionately, will I assert that, whatever be the result of the approaching campaign, I am confident that General Lee and his veterans will have done their duty. And now, while bidding farewell to an army with which I have been associated for a lengthened period, let me take an opportunity of thank-

ing all those officers and soldiers whose guest I have been during my sojourn in the Confederacy. From the Rappahannock to the banks of the Yazoo in Mississippi, from the Tennessee to the Atlantic seaboard, every detachment, every Southern command, has received me with unvarying courtesy and whole-souled hospitality; what they have had has been cheerfully shared with your correspondent. To procure me facilities great warriors and "medicine men" have not hesitated to inconvenience themselves where necessary, and if your readers have not benefited as they might have done by my experiences, it is the fault of a rigorous blockade which has intercepted much destined for your pages. —*The Illustrated London News*, April 2, 1864.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR AS A CHILD, 1861-65.

BY MRS. D. A. PLANT, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

I must first go down the vista of years and take a last fond look at our home—over the rooms and into the closet where my playthings were; then in the garden along the winding paths dividing mother's flower beds, where all the dear old-fashioned flowers bloomed; down the long grape arbor, where all varieties hung in tempting clusters; through the gate and across the street into a green meadow, there to sit on the bank of a clear stream under a big old sycamore tree and watch the minnows play around the pebbles in the water. O, the joy of happy childhood days! How short they were.

How well I remember the first time I heard the word "war." My father and some friends were talking so earnestly that I never forgot that dreadful little word. From then on it was war, war, all the time.

My brother Abe, who had a position in Atlanta with the Rawlins Hardware Company, came home to join Kane's Battery.

When Burnside's army came in to occupy Knoxville, his officers selected the largest homes for their headquarters, the owners getting out entirely or living in the ells of the houses. The soldiers were camped on the western slope of the town.

My father had the cellar of our home arranged so that we could use it in case of emergency—a floor laid and chairs carried down. Mother had all kinds of food prepared to last a while, but the siege started so suddenly we had to run as hard as we could to get inside, and as soon as we were in the cellar, the house above our heads was full of Federal soldiers, shooting from the windows. All the houses facing west were used by the Federal soldiers, as the Confederates were coming that way.

My father always took in the wounded or sick soldiers, Confederate or Federal, and cared for them until they were able to join their commands. One Federal soldier happened to be in our home at this time, and he ran to the cellar with us; but he did not sit in one of the chairs, he climbed up the bank and took refuge behind a chimney until the firing ceased late in the afternoon.

The first thing mother did when we came out of the cellar was to go to the kitchen to get us children something to eat. But the cupboard was as bare as the one Mother Hubbard found.

After gathering up a few things and giving each one a bundle to carry, we left our home, just as the Belgians had to flee from the Germans. Our friend, Mr. S. T. Atkins, had kindly offered to take us into his home in the event of our having to leave ours. It was late when we reached the Atkins home on Gay Street, but the welcome we received made us

forget our trouble for the time being. We shall always remember with the greatest gratitude the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, and the friendship of the entire family. We lived there two years. After evening prayers, Mr. Atkins taught us children many things that I've never forgotten.

As the days went by the soldiers began burning the houses in that part of the town where we had lived, and in three weeks our home went up in flames like the rest.

One morning Dr. William Morrow, brother-in-law of Mr. S. B. Luttrell, came to see my father about our living in his mother's home, as he was compelled to go to Richmond, Va. She was an invalid with only servants to care for her. Of course we went; not much trouble to change. After being there for a short time, Dr. Patton came to Knoxville and opened a drug store on Gay Street. He brought his family to Mrs. Morrow's too. Near the Morrow house was a spring where I often went with my bucket for fresh drinking water. One day as I neared the place a soldier stepped away from a group he was talking to and said to me: "Here, give me your bucket; I'll get your water even if you are a little Rebel!"

After the Pattons came to the Morrow house to live, Mr. Atkins came to see us and said he wanted us to come back home; that it did not seem right for us to be away. Two days after we went back, Mr. Atkins was arrested and put into prison, which was on the corner of what is now Main and Market Streets. One room below was for citizens, one above for Confederate prisoners to be taken to Northern prisons.

Lizzie, the young daughter of Mr. Atkins, and I went to see him while he was kept in this place, and as we passed under the windows the prisoners above would drop little crumpled notes out through the bars. This is what we read: "For God's sake bring us some bones to chew on, for we are starving!" Once a week two armed guards escorted Mr. Atkins home to take dinner with his family. They stood their guns in the hall and sat down to the meal too.

I remember Mr. Will Rogers, father of the late Mrs. Minnie Rogers Boyd, with several other citizens in the prison. Each man sat on a cot in a small, stuffy room, which, however, was much better than the room above, which was for the Confederate prisoners. I do not remember how long the citizens were kept in confinement, but how happy we all were when Mr. Atkins was allowed to return to his home!

I shall never forget hearing the cannon booming when the battle was fought on Fort Saunders. The Confederates were at a great disadvantage. A citizen of Union sentiment had suggested stretching wire through the grass leading up to the fort, which was done, and this was the means of victory to the Federals. A great many were killed, and among the number was General Saunders, Federal, for whom the fort was afterwards named. It is now surrounded by many lovely residences.

My brother was captured at, or near, Cumberland Gap with the most of Kane's Battery, and was taken to Camp Chase prison, where he stayed until the close of the war. He told us after he came home that visitors came to look them over, and one day a dog they brought with them was missing when they left, so they posted up a reward for him. The next day underneath the notice was this: "For want of meat, the dog was eat!"

Several of the largest churches in Knoxville were used for hospitals for the Federal soldiers who had smallpox, and after the close of the war, our First Presbyterian Church was used by the Freedman's Bureau for a negro school. At last it was turned over to our Church committee, and to say that it needed to be cleaned and made over is putting it mildly. When it was all ready, with a new organ, over the pulpit was

this inscription: "Jehovah Jireh." ("The Lord will provide.") A grateful congregation, with their beloved pastor, Rev. James Park, met the first time for several years in their own church to praise God. The government paid our Church for the use of it and for all damages; it gives me pleasure to say this.

When the boys who wore the gray came home from battle fields and prisons, eager to go to work, my brother had a good position with Mr. James Moses, in the hardware business, but other boys were told by a leader of a gang that no Rebel could stay in this town. After daily visits from this leader and his tribe, warning them to leave or be shot, they finally left, walking fifteen miles to get on a train, some going to Nashville and some to Atlanta. Father took his family to Atlanta, but when we arrived there we could not find a vacant house, so we went on to Decatur, where we stayed until a house could be had in Atlanta. As soon as things were so we could come back and it was safe for the boys, we returned home to Knoxville. Mr. Atkins moved to Atlanta to rebuild many of the buildings that had been burned by Sherman's army.

After a while we had a reunion of the Blue and the Gray in Knoxville. The ladies served a great dinner to the veterans in a building on Gay Street, and when the band struck up "Dixie," a sweet old lady, Mrs. Sophia White, stepped on the sidewalk and danced like a young girl. I'm sure all the ladies felt so inclined. The night exercises were held at Staab's Theater, and as the New York Zouaves came marching in dressed in their uniforms, the cheers were deafening. The day of the parade a Union soldier and a "Johnny Reb" walked side by side.

For a great many years, every summer I have visited my daughter in Boston, and I have met such nice, hospitable people there. I go to the meetings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and really feel like I am still in dear old Dixie. Two years ago I heard a Mr. Straghn, a Confederate veteran, read an address at their meeting. He was in bad health at the close of the war and thinking to regain his health, he went to Martha's Vineyard, near Boston, to live. There he had erected a monument to the Federal dead, and had expressed the wish at the time that he hoped to live to see the Federals erect one to the Confederates. Two years ago he had the pleasure of seeing such a monument unveiled. How happy I am to see the clouds disappearing and the light breaking through.

I am thankful to see the South recovered from the devastation of war, and each year gives evidence of its continual growth and prosperity, with its wealth of coal, iron, zinc, copper, marble, and minerals unknown, deep in the mountains, at our very door; all kinds of manufacturing plants, industrial enterprises, wonderful water powers, grandest climate the year round, and soil that will produce enough for all the country and more.

At a meeting of the U. D. C. in Boston, I had the pleasure also of hearing General Scharf telling of his friendship with Jefferson Davis while they were at West Point together. He said he had never known a more cultured and refined gentleman than Jefferson Davis. He continued his talk in urging all mothers present to raise their boys to walk in the footsteps of this great man.

I also heard another Federal veteran speak that day, who told of being at the capture of President Davis, and he stated emphatically that the stories told and printed in the papers at the time were utterly false, that President Davis was dressed in men's clothes and not as a woman.

Dr. Littlefield told that he had been taught as a boy to sing "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and not until he had heard General Scharf speak was he converted. He read a sonnet that he composed, "A Highway Memorial: He Cometh into His Own," which was also read at the Hot Springs convention, U. D. C., and it was printed on the cover of the VETERAN.

Some years ago Mrs. Schuyler, former President General U. D. C. was in South Carolina and came across a very handsome sword, on which was inscribed "General Nathaniel Wade," so she wrote to the Adjutant General, G. A. R., at Boston, to see if he could locate the owner. General Wade was overjoyed to learn that his sword had been found, and Mrs. Schuyler wrote him to come to Washington to receive it. But at the time of the convention, he was ill, so a friend went and brought it to him. In the fall of that year, I was in Boston and went to the U. D. C. meeting. The delegates to the convention were to give their reports, and they were very interesting. After reading her report, Mrs. Chesley said: "I will finish a little later," and walked to the entrance, returning with an elderly gentleman wearing a sword, whom she introduced as "Gen. Nathaniel Wade." Mrs. Chesley placed a chair for him, but he said, "I am old, but I will not sit down." He made a most interesting talk telling of his capture by the Confederates. He was taken to the headquarters of Stonewall Jackson, where he was treated with the greatest courtesy, had a splendid supper, and was given a bed, where he slept like a gentleman. He certainly eulogized Stonewall Jackson.

General Wade also spoke of his friendship with General Pickett, and he read extracts from a letter he had recently received from Mrs. Pickett. The following winter General Wade passed into the Great Beyond!

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL.

An old-fashioned garden, basking in the light of witchery:

A balmy, subtle fragrance on the air,
As of pinks and rue anemone,
Marigolds in profusion here and there;
The sprightly flutter of varicolored larkspur,
The aroma of sweet shrubs lifting high.
Mignonette rustling in the winds that stir
Altheas, blooming roseately 'gainst the sky.
Lilacs, cape jasmine, breathing rare intoxication,
Bridal wreath in airy laces, pure and white;
Gleam of poppies in crimson conflagration
Syringas clust'ring snowily; honeysuckle, bright.

An old-fashioned garden, basking in the light of memory:

Grandmother with silv'ry hair, plucking her gay posies,
Black mammy wand'ring down the paths with prattling baby,
Little sister following, like a rose among the roses.
Tea at sunset; with the four-o'clocks
Beckoning coquettishly to the graceful Southern girls—
Ante-bellum belles with dainty, slim feet tripping,
Dark eyes glowing; South breezes kiss their curls.
Dusk—in the garden with a Southern dove calling—
Cool dew tempts forth the spice of sweet marjoram and
thyme.
(Imagination fails. 'Tis the dusk of o'er fifty years a-falling.
The garden, now, is dim with the dust of time.)

MARCHING WITH SHERMAN.

FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MAJ. HENRY HITCHCOCK,
OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S STAFF.

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

As affording an analytical study of human "reactions," this volume is unusually valuable; if viewed as a contribution to American history, however, it is far more notable for its misconceptions than for its accuracy in the relation of specific happenings. It presents a classic example of the astoundingly mistaken deductions that may be made by an honest individual who becomes the victim of political propaganda and mass impressions.

At the close of Sherman's campaign, Major Hitchcock writes to his wife:

"You know that I try to judge truly and fairly of all things, for I think a mistaken opinion is a misfortune; and error, no matter how 'honest,' can only breed mischief."

On the same day, the diarist concludes:

"I am very far from entertaining a blind or indiscriminate hatred of 'rebels' as individuals, even while I most heartily indorse our good friend Dr. Post's solemn denunciation of the rebellion as 'the greatest crime since the crucifixion of our Lord.' So it is. To this awful and enormous crime there have been many who were unwilling, reluctant, enforced accessories. All such I would forgive, though I would not lightly entrust them with the privileges which they have once failed to defend. . . . I can never lose sight of the great damning fact that they made war with a government whose only fault, as they themselves declared [*sic*], was its gentleness."

In order to understand this man and his viewpoint, it is necessary to know something of his personality, experience, and environment. First, he was sincerely convinced that the secession of the Southern States was the outstanding crime of the century. Had it not brought upon the country all the horrors he saw and deplored? Why, then, should its advocates not be branded as conspirators and murderers? Furthermore, he was convinced that the South had had absolutely no cause for complaint.

Major Hitchcock's ignorance of American history seems inexcusable; yet it may be said in his defense that neither the sectional narratives of his day nor his own people had informed him of the frequent threats of "treason" (secession) in the North. Major Hitchcock might well have praised Andrew Jackson for threatening South Carolina with the sword; but the chances are a thousand to one that he never had been told that this same Jackson had, when the republic was waging desperate war with a foreign foe, suggested the invasion of New England with a view to compelling the people of that section to support the Stars and Stripes, or at least to stop giving active aid and comfort to an alien enemy. The Major did not know that New England leaders strongly advocated, in 1815, and on sundry other occasions, the very "crime" which he so warmly condemned in 1861.

Again, Major Hitchcock had spent the first three years of war at home, not only amid war's alarms, but in the midst of perhaps the wildest orgy of falsehoods about the opposition ever known. In his diary, the Major frequently ridicules the Northern press reports of battles which never happened; on the same day, he derides the Southern press accounts (which, too, were erroneous); and then accepts, time and again without question, the printed or narrated stories of Southern brutality invented by imaginative negroes or by officers and men who sought to gloss over outrages they themselves were committing or permitting! With childlike credulity, he accepts

in toto stories of the "butchery" of Federal prisoners, and of the scalping (*Harper's Weekly* liberally illustrated the barbarous custom) and mutilation of the dead and wounded. Furthermore, he presents naïve evidence that his commander encouraged this newcomer in the camp to believe all these things. The diarist records, near Atlanta, November 16, 1864: "Had a quite warm discussion with Dayton (Captain and A. D. C.) this morning en route, I advocating our self-restraint, 'laws of war' etc., he contending we should do whatever and as bad as the rebels, even to *scalping*." He adds that the attitude of Captain Dayton is "typical."

Major Hitchcock's solemn notations as to the testimony of negro "contrabands" would be altogether comical but for the serious way in which the volume has been accepted. By way of random illustration, he jots down: "Dey don't t'ink nothing 'bout here of tying up a feller and givin' him two hundred or three hundred with the strap," and so on *ad infinitum*. Again, he records meeting a "tall, fine-looking, remarkably intelligent negro," who averred that his race "never had got the credit they deserved about the battle of New Orleans; that it was a negro who suggested to General Jackson the idea of a breastwork of cotton bales! Gen. S. [Sherman] said to him that J. D. [Jefferson Davis] was talking about arming the negroes. 'Yes, sir, we knows dat.' 'Well, what'll you all do? Will you fight against us?' 'No, *sir!* De day dey gives us arms, *dat day de war ends!*'"

One of the last protests against ruthless plundering this genuinely kind-hearted staff officer made was under date of November 25, 1864: "H. H. [Hitchcock] and Ewing got to talk about proposed burning of this house—quite a good one, two-story frame, with several outhouses, cabins, etc. Good blacksmith shop with very good set carpenter's tools. Ewing was for burning house. H. H. opposed it without evidence that owner had burned or helped burn bridge. If he did, all right, but no reasonable certainty of it yet. General [Sherman] was sitting near, unobserved by H. H., but, as usual, for nothing escapes him, heard and noticed conversation. Presently he broke in: "In war, everything is right which prevents anything. If bridges are burned, I have a right to burn all houses near it."

Under such tutelage, by the time Major Hitchcock had reached the seacoast, he was prepared for anything. Hence, at this time, he evinces no sense of shock over his first acquaintance with the beginnings of carpetbagger spoliation. At Ficklin's Plantation, near Pocotaligo, S. C., he makes this approving comment on the cruelest of all confiscations, since it was done not in the name of war, but of law: "The General came up to Beaufort on the 23rd, Monday, and stayed one day, quartering at General Saxton's. The latter owns the house he lives in, a fine, large, double house on Bay Street, fronting the sea, with a handsome yard, evergreens, etc., in front. He bought it at one of the United States tax sales, and I was told gave \$1,000 for it. These tax sales—for United States direct taxes—are simply a means of confiscation in fee simple, and, as that thing ought and is to be done, are a very good way to do it."

A little later, however, the "lack of discipline" in Sherman's army is set forth in the light of introspection. On January 31, 1865, when he was acting as mess officer or commissary for Sherman's immediate staff, he writes: "Hope I may not have as bad luck as Captain Steele, of Blair's staff, at Beaufort. He was sent to New York from Savannah and returned with 'stores,' etc., bought in New York, amounting to over \$800 worth; had them unloaded on dock and a guard placed over them for the night. Next mornng the whole lot were gone save a barrel or two of very little value!

Rather a hard joke on Blair and staff! Nothing recovered, of course. One learns to expect to have things stolen in the army and to keep at least one eye open accordingly."

Against these disclosures, it is a pleasure to record items setting forth the sterling integrity of the Major himself, when so many officers were competing hotly with rank and file of the mercenary or alien element in the plundering of defenseless women and children. Under date of November 23, we find this entry: "Ewing gave H. H. one package tobacco 'acquired at State House.' H. H. took it, supposing it public stores for legislature. Mr. Wright says taken last evening from his store. H. H. returned it to him; others laugh at this: I have not taken nor received, nor shall I, one cent's worth from anybody, other than my share of the subsistence gathered for the mess. Can't help that." On December 10, the Major wrote: "At least, I am glad to remember that I have not only not abused nor insulted a single person, but have repeatedly stopped the depredations of soldiers, and that except the provisions of which I have had my share at the mess table—and which we have good right to take—I have not 'acquired' the value of a pin nor destroyed any private property."

The reviewer has set forth Major Hitchcock's ideas of the "unpardonable sin of secession"; in fact, he wrote under date of April 7: "The leaders of the rebellion are the greatest criminals, I think, in all modern history, and I know no greater in ancient times; nor could any punishment well exceed their just deserts." To this great personal detestation he adds another equal to it, his peculiar and positively venomous animosity for "Southern chivalry." Whenever the expression occurs in his writings, he loses control of his temper, his judgment, and all sense of proportion. War propaganda had so poisoned his mind that he gravely declares: "'Chivalry' has become a by-word of contempt for boasting, whining, and poltroonery." Again, "Of all mean humbugs, 'South Carolina's chivalry' is the meanest." Finally, no worse things could ever have been said of any infamous character in history than what the diarist recorded about Col. Alfred M. Rhett, the first notable "specimen" of "chivalry" captured and questioned in Sherman's presence. He averred his solemn conviction that this "entire class must be *blotted out*."

Here, then, is a worthy type of conservative Northern citizen, a college graduate, and a man of enviable reputation in his own city and State, St. Louis, Mo. And yet, incredible as it may seem, we find him, under the influence of the sectional misrepresentation of his day, advocating sentiments which are associated with the Reign of Terror in radical Paris or the red régime of the Bolsheviks! His judgments are rendered none the less amazing by the fact that those he so condemned were his fellow countrymen and the representatives of the class who, for one hundred years, had not only been guiding the destinies of the young republic, but who were chiefly instrumental in expanding its boundaries from the Appalachians to the Pacific Coast.

One would suppose it would be quite unnecessary to comment upon the utter unreliability of Major Hitchcock's observations. Unhappily, however, such is not the case; the writer had the good fortune to save an excellent historian, even of the younger school, from quoting what he considered was Major Hitchcock's conclusive testimony as to Sherman's innocence in regard to the destruction of Columbia. The historian had assumed that because he was quoting from the then unpublished and privately written family letter of an eyewitness, a man whose subsequent life showed his excellent character, that his statements on the burning of Columbia

must offer trustworthy evidence as to that tragedy. Sherman, for propaganda purposes, blamed Wade Hampton. Long before Columbia was reached Major Hitchcock significantly let slip this statement by Sherman: "There are the men [Federal soldiers] who do this. . . . I say *Jeff Davis burnt them*"—viz., public and private buildings.

No wonder, as previously stated, this volume should be regarded as a classic example of the power of sectional or political propaganda. On that account, it deserves extended notice. Nevertheless—alas for the persistence of sectional ignorance and misunderstanding!—we find Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, the editor of the diary and a member of the staff of so distinguished a periodical as the *Atlantic Monthly*, promulgating the opinion, in a formal introduction, that "the historical interest and value of Henry Hitchcock's narrative will be found unquestionably great." This, he says, is especially to be found in the immediate first-hand reports of Sherman's conversations with Major Hitchcock, with Southern whites and negroes encountered on the marches; the palpably honest account of the burning of Columbia, written as soon as possible after its occurrence, and "confirming in vital particulars the conclusions of so careful a historian as Mr. Rhodes," etc.

The Major's denial of Sherman's responsibility for this burning is, no doubt, honest. Editor Howe takes it seriously and offers a contemporary sketch—from the same magazine which presented the scalping episodes—as "confirmation." Nevertheless, the fact remains that Major Hitchcock could not have known whereof he wrote. All that is necessary to disprove this assertion is, circumstantially, to review previous examples of the diarist's credulity; and then, for direct evidence, review the depositions of the people who witnessed the conflagration, some of whom, at least, were from other lands. It may be added that Mr. Chapman J. Milling has recently prepared a convincing and conservatively written thesis on this subject. This exposition is sufficiently documented to end the debate for all time.

Over and above the pleasing evidence as to Major Hitchcock's scrupulous honesty and his exalted courage in standing by his resolves under the fire of ridicule from his fellow officers, there should also be noted an agreeable absence of ranting or Pharisaical cant about any "moral crusade" waged against slavery, even after the entire world had come to believe that battle had been joined on that question! While Major Hitchcock utterly failed to grasp the basic, economic, political, and sectional differences which led to the armed clash, he did not set up this false standard. Like the majority of the best leaders of either party or section, he was an emancipationist; but he doubtless felt a positive aversion for the extreme or fanatical abolitionists like that of Abraham Lincoln when, in 1852, in the name of Henry Clay, he denounced them as execrable agitators. It will probably take another fifty years or more for the public, and many historians, to learn that an incidental outcome of the war of secession was not the principal cause of the conflict, just as it took nearly a century and a half for the historians to realize that the cause of the previous fratricidal strife was not based so much on the special complaint of "taxation without representation" as upon the fundamental principle of the preservation of local self-government, which the Southern leaders felt was involved in the issue of 1861, much as the New Englanders had felt on numerous occasions from 1793 to 1850. Even to-day, it may be said that not one person in a thousand knows that for every threat of secession in the South, one may find four

in the North. Again, one may recall the history of one case of successful nullification in the Southern States, while pointing to several such instances above the Mason and Dixon Line. As long as written history ignores the latter, so long will even intelligent people dwell in ignorance of the truth!

COL. CHARLES FREDERICK FISHER.

BY DR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Among the forgotten heroes of the War between the States, a conspicuous illustration is Col. Charles Frederick Fisher, of the 6th North Carolina Regiment. In no printed book or even pamphlet have I found any account of his life and career, any record of his gallant charge and fateful death on the field of First Manassas. A detailed study of the records of that battle, in a mass of personal correspondence and the testimony of officers, both Federal and Confederate, is found in a memorial address by my father.

This address was delivered in Charlotte more than twenty-five years ago and published at the time in the *Charlotte Observer*. That evidence, supplemented by additional data collected by the writer, makes it abundantly clear that the capture of the massed batteries of Ricketts and Griffin in the first battle of Manassas was a turning point in the conflict on that field. This sudden and spectacular success in silencing the double battery, which was doing deadly and devastating execution in the ranks of the Confederate troops, came at a moment when large numbers of the Confederates were retreating and retreating from the front. This brilliant feat, for which Colonel Fisher paid with his own life and that of other officers and privates, turned the tide of battle and marked for the Federals the beginning of a defeat which ended in humiliating rout.

Charles Frederick Fisher, the only son of the distinguished political leader, the Hon. Charles Fisher, and his wife, Christine Beard, was born in Salisbury, N. C., on December 26, 1816. After attending classical schools in Salisbury, he entered Yale University in 1835, but ill health prevented him from completing his course. His name is in a memorial list of the sons of Yale who fought with distinction in the Confederate service. For some years he assisted his father in the management of extensive agricultural holdings, chiefly in Mississippi. In this work in a frontier country, the life in the open air restored his health; and he displayed in this position an executive ability which was to be manifested in later years in the building and management of the Western North Carolina Railroad. His father was for years the leader of the Democratic party in Western North Carolina; and the party battles waged in that region were sharp and vigorous. For some years, following in his father's footsteps, he led the Democrats chiefly by his brilliant editorship of the *Western Carolinian*. In 1854, he was elected to the State Senate from Rowan and served in that body during the session of 1854-55.

In January, 1849, the North Carolina Railroad bill was passed by the legislature. This was the State's first big railroad bill, and its passage was dramatic, the speaker of the senate, Calvin Graves, casting the deciding vote in favor of the passage of the bill. By June, 1850, the entire million dollars for the stock of the North Carolina Railroad Company had been subscribed and five per cent of it paid in. At the first annual meeting, held in Salisbury on July 11, 1850, the stockholders met for the first annual meeting, and John M. Morehead, who had been the leading spirit in the advocacy of building the railroad, was elected its first president. In the important work on transportation in North Carolina, by

Prof. Cecil K. Brown, of Davidson College, recently published by the University of North Carolina Press, the history of the company is given in detail. It is well to note that the company was regarded as a political appanage; and from 1850 until the outbreak of the War between the States, the control was held by the Democrats. Morehead, a Whig, acted as president from its organization until 1855, when he resigned. As his successor, the directors chose as president the prominent Democrat, Charles Frederick Fisher, who served for the next five years. By 1859, no dividends having been paid, Governor Worth, a Whig, precipitated an investigation of the affairs of the company. The late Dr. Weeks states that Fisher discharged his duties as president of the North Carolina Railroad with "preëminent skill and ability, displaying extraordinary energy, and bestowing an almost unprecedented degree of time and labor upon the work, putting his private business in a secondary place altogether." The investigation was the outcome of strong partisan politics, and was deeply resented by Fisher, who vehemently answered the charges and attacked the motives of those who precipitated the inquiry, headed by Governor Worth. Fisher completely refuted the charges of mismanagement; and when the election again came up in July, 1859 he was reelected president of the road by an almost unanimous vote, many of the largest Whig stockholders voting for him. His vindication was complete; and his continuance as president until the outbreak of the War between the States was the clearest possible recognition of the value and efficiency of his service to the State.

No one was more energetic and forward looking than Fisher, once it was foreseen that war was inevitable, in preparing for the conflict. Beginning in April, 1861, he raised the first North Carolina regiment, although it bore the name of the Sixth. The expense of the entire equipment for the regiment was defrayed out of his private purse, which had no parallel in North Carolina; and the regiment bore the beautiful flag made and embroidered by Colonel Fisher's sister, Christine. This regiment, composed in large measure of men who had worked with him or under him for years, followed him with a measure of devotion equal to that which Lee inspired. They not only had unbounded confidence in Fisher, they admired him deeply and loved him devotedly. "His affection for and pride in them," says the late John S. Henderson, "was equal to their's for him. A few days before his death he said of the officers: 'Where human flesh dare venture they will go.' Of the men, he said: 'There is not a man in the regiment who, after four and twenty hours of fasting and labor, will not go into battle as if just from sleep and refreshment.' . . . The after career of the regiment proved how well he knew it. It covered itself with glory at Gettysburg and was among the last to surrender at Appomattox."

Singularly enough, Colonel Fisher's friend and fellow townsman, Gov. John W. Ellis, died on the very day that Fisher reported his regiment ready to go to the front. After acting as escort at the Governor's funeral, the regiment went from Raleigh to Richmond, where it was reviewed by President Davis and General Lee. It was assigned to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army of the Shenandoah; and soon, as a part of General Lee's brigade, marched with the army of the Shenandoah to reinforce General Beauregard at Manassas. On the way to the battle field, Fisher found the road torn up by a derailed train; and immediately volunteered to repair the wreck, as many of his men were engineers who had served under him as railroad president. The repairs were quickly effected, and, as a reward, the 6th Regiment was the first to leave the scene for the battle field. Had this regiment reached the field an hour later, and had Kirby Smith's been delayed

another hour, it is in the highest degree likely, that Manassas would have been a defeat for the Confederates.

At the time of Fisher's arrival on the battle field, the fight was going against the Confederates. They were sorely pressed, the enemy having gotten farther to the front of the left flank. The large double battery of Ricketts and Griffin, massed into one, had taken a commanding position on General Johnston's left; and the situation was critical. The murderous fire from this battery was incessant, with a range of a mile to the rear of the Confederate front. The Confederate center was in danger of giving way; and so keenly aware was General Johnston of the gravity of the situation that he anxiously exclaimed, in a loud, earnest voice: "If I just had three regiments! Just three regiments!" General Clingman, who narrates the incident, suddenly exclaimed: "Here they are, General!" It was a dramatic moment. The nearest regiment, a quarter of a mile away, was the 6th North Carolina, headed by Fisher. The three regiments deployed to the left, the 6th moving by flank. The men moved through the woods and, suddenly emerging, found themselves only eighty yards from the formidable battery which Beauregard had ordered Fisher to silence. Fisher's men opened a destructive fire upon the enemy's line, and especially upon the artillerymen. This fire wrought havoc in the enemy; and the Confederates, seeing their advantage, prepared to charge. Fisher divested himself of coat, watch, and sword, seized a musket, and headed the charge, closely followed by Capt. Isaac E. Avery. Most of the regiment charged straight up the hill, but Colonel Fisher led some men obliquely to the left, having observed a considerable force of the enemy in that direction some two hundred yards beyond the battery. This was the 2nd Wisconsin, uniformed in gray cloth almost identical in color with that of the Confederates, which had taken up a position on the brow of the hill. They poured a steady fire into the advancing Confederates, but were thrown into confusion, and broke and fled under the impact of Fisher's charge. He was running at the head of his men, brandishing his musket and shouting encouraging commands, when a bullet penetrated his forehead. He fell some sixty yards beyond the dreaded narrow battery to its left. The remainder of the force had captured the battery, killed the gunners, wounded Colonel Ricketts, who was taken prisoner, and left Lieutenant Ramsay dead upon the field.

It is evident that the capture and silencing of the deadly massed battery turned the tide of the battle and changed probable defeat into overwhelming victory. The captured battery, although later relinquished, never fired another shot that day. Gen. Thomas L. Clingman, in speaking of the opportunity seized by Fisher, when his men suddenly emerged from the woods in close proximity to the enemy battery, unequivocally states: "The opportunity thus afforded was rightly used, and most fortunately for the success of our army. Neither then or at any time since have I doubted that this moment saved the day to the Confederacy. If the gallant and noble Fisher by this dash lost his life, who did more during that long and arduous struggle?" General Longstreet, in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," is equally conclusive: "Ricketts's Battery, and subsequently the battery under Griffin, pressed their fight with renewed vigor. The batteries, particularly active and aggressive, poured incessant fire upon the Confederate ranks, who had no artillery to engage them except Imboden's, far off to the rear, and Latham's howitzers. The efforts of the Federal infantry were cleverly met and resisted, but the havoc of those splendid batteries was too severe, particularly Griffin's, which had an oblique fire upon the Confederates. It was the fire of this

battery that first disturbed our ranks on their left, and the increasing pounding of that and Ricketts's eventually unsettled the line. McDowell gave especial care to preparing his batteries for removal against the Confederate left. He massed Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries, and made their practice grand. So well executed was it that the Confederate army was again in peril. A brave charge on the part of Beauregard (the charge of Fisher, above described, and of Avery) captured the greater part of the batteries and turned some of the guns upon the brave men who had handled them so well. Before the loss of his artillery, he (McDowell) was the Sampson of the field: now he was not only shorn of his power, but some of this mighty strength was transferred to his adversary, leaving him in a desperate plight and exposed to blows increasing in strength and effectiveness."

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

Thou to the mercy seat our souls doth gather
To do our duty unto thee—*Our Father*,
To whom all praise, all honor should be given;
For thou art the great God—*who art in heaven*.
Thou by thy wisdom rul'st the world's wide fame
Forever, therefore—*hallowed be thy name*.
Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let—*thy kingdom come*;
Let thy commandments opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure and—*thy will be done*.
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same—*on earth as 'tis in heaven*.
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou would'st be pleased to—*Give us this day*
The food of life wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and—*our daily bread*.
With every needful thing do thou relieve us,
And of thy mercy, pity—and *forgive us*
All our misdeeds, for him whom thou did'st please
To make an offering for—*our trespasses*;
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That thou wilt pardon us—*as we forgive*
Let that love teach wherewith thou dost acquaint us
To pardon all—*those who trespass against us*;
And though sometimes thou find'st we have forgot
This love for thee, yet help and—*lead us not*
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us—*into temptation*:
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial—but *deliver*,
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death keep—*us from evil*.
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom
This may be had—*for thine is the kingdom*,
This world is of thy work; its wondrous story
To thee belongs—the *power and the glory*,
And all thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and—*forever*.
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally—*amen*.

This beautiful version of the Lord's prayer has appeared in print at different times and its authorship has been variously attributed. One statement is that the original copy, printed on heavy satin, had been picked up at Corinth, Miss., on May 30, 1862, the day the Confederate forces evacuated the town, and that it bore the date of July 4, 1823. Whatever its origin, it is a most unique composition and worthy of preservation.

ILIUM IN FLAMES.

BY CHAPMAN J. MILLING, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The task of treating impartially one of the most dramatic events of the great sectional conflict is one of manifest difficulty.

The author has, however, attempted to narrate the principal occurrences which took place during an episode which he considers is treated inadequately in the majority of textual histories.

He begs no one to agree with him in his conclusions. He only hopes that he who doubts will delve.

A striking example, both of perversion and omission, is to be found in that oft-mooted question—the burning of Columbia. The general impression gained from school and college histories is that about the time Sherman's army occupied the city it somehow caught fire. Some writers assert, with Sherman, that the Confederates burned Columbia. Some admit that it may possibly have been due to the act of a few drunken privates in the conquering army, temporarily loose from Sherman's excellent discipline, a sort of "boys will be boys" attitude. But the majority of history books, when they come to that disagreeable event, employ the simple but ancient device of evasion. They blandly state that, during Sherman's occupation of Columbia, about two-thirds to three-fourths of the city was unfortunately burned, and the student is expected to draw his own conclusions. Most of them leave the impression that General Sherman was very sorry it happened, which undoubtedly was the case—some time afterwards. Not a word is ever said of the plundering and the destruction of private property. It might lead to the undesirable impression that American soldiers have been known to be, in some instances, a trifle rough. The modern student knows better. He knows that the men on both sides of the great sectional contest were the souls of honor and gallantry. That is the impression which, it is felt, must be maintained in order for him to develop into a good citizen. And it is maintained; no doubt about that. Standardized textbooks, standardized professors, carefully formulated mental pabulum, and at last a splendidly standardized citizen, emerging into the open; a hope in his standardized breast that he will some day stand at the helm of a new civilization, standardized through his efforts!

But what of Columbia and its burning? So long has the truth of this disastrous event been either neglected, or palpably tampered with, that countless numbers of Southerners, many of them hailing from South Carolina, actually accept the story handed them as honest history. It is partly to such individuals as these that these pages are addressed.

The winter of 1864-65 marked the death struggle of a nation born in exultation, but destined to perish tragically in its infancy. Lee was engaged in the last hopeless, but glorious, battles to avert a fate already foreseen. But the death pangs of the Confederacy on the Virginia front were marked by that brilliant gallantry which will to the end of time be associated with the Army of Northern Virginia. There, at least, the sunset of the unhappy republic was glorified, for a brief season, by a polychromatic afterglow.

Not so to the southward. Relentlessly across Georgia and the Carolinas moved a conquering horde. Resisted for a time by the pitifully inadequate forces which were able to oppose it after Johnston's removal, the great army of William Tecumseh Sherman cut its sixty-mile swath "from Atlanta to the sea." That which it encountered it destroyed. From Savannah the commander of this mighty army wrote to his superiors: "We have consumed the corn and fodder in the

region of country thirty miles on each side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah, as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry, and have carried away more than ten thousand horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at \$100,000,000, at least \$20,000,000 of which has injured to our advantage and the remainder is simple waste and destruction." Truly, he had made good his statement to Thomas that he proposed to "demonstrate the vulnerability of the South and to make its inhabitants feel that war and individual ruin are synonymous terms."

Turning northward from Savannah, the army continued its progress into South Carolina and admitted as its purpose the flaying of that already stricken commonwealth. For South Carolina was regarded as the cradle of secession, and as such was blamed for all the hardships which the Union soldier had suffered. Up through the country it came; and when it had passed, gaunt chimneys against the skyline marked the places where the dwellings of a people had stood—"Sherman's sentinels." Granaries were destroyed, horses and cattle were driven off or killed, and smokehouses were rifled of their contents. The sun would rise on a smiling plantation and would set on a ruined desert. Out from their holdings poured the people, emptying hut and manor. Feeling certain that Charleston was the destination of the invaders, the fleeing low countrymen poured with their treasures into Columbia.

Every train arriving in the capital carried a multitude of refugees. Into the city moved the banks with their wealth of plate, but poverty of specie. Stores of provisions, too, found their way to Columbia, for the steadily increasing populace anticipated a long sojourn.

But with all their busy preparations the people of South Carolina have erred. Their calculations are at fault; for the crafty Sherman marches elsewhere than to Charleston. The salt prepared for sowing upon the sight of that proud metropolis is to be dedicated to other purposes.¹

"By four P.M., February 12," says Sherman in his report, "the whole corps was in Orangeburg and began the work of destruction upon the railroad. Blair was ordered to destroy railroad effectively up to Lewisville, and to push the enemy across the Congaree and force him to burn the bridges, which he did on the 14th; and, without wasting time or labor on Branchville or Charleston, which I knew the enemy could no longer hold, I turned all the columns straight on Columbia."²

The march proceeded. Repeated assaults of Wheeler's cavalry served only to irritate the approaching host. The attempt of a levee patrol to dam with shovels the angry

¹General Halleck's suggestion to General Sherman ("War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLIV), that "should you capture Charleston I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed, and should a little salt be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession," was met with ready approval. "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary," says General Sherman in reply. "When I move the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first; and if you have studied the history of that corps you will have remarked that they generally do up their work pretty well."

The army, as we shall see, changed its course, and did not enter Charleston; but selected, instead, Columbia. The efficient Fifteenth Corps mentioned in Sherman's letter to Halleck was the principal unit trusted with its occupation.

²"War of the Rebellion," Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series I, Volume XLVII. Sherman neglects to mention in the above report that he burned Orangeburg while there.

Mississippi would have been equally effectual. Like a bed of molten lava gradually engulfing the forest at the foot of Vesuvius, it moved. The people saw it, and read their fate in the flight of its victims. Columbia, the beautiful, was to be included in the itinerary of Sherman.

Early on the morning of February 16, Sherman's force reached a hill overlooking the Congaree. His grim artillery frowned upon the newly built capitol, pouring shells into the helpless town. Several of these struck the State House, but rebounded impotently from its stout walls of granite. A small Confederate picket destroyed the bridge across the Congaree, but the Federal army, turning its course up the river, made ready to occupy the town on the 17th. The next morning saw the completion of a pontoon bridge, hastily thrown across the stream by the engineers; and soon the long blue line wound up the river road.

The advance was met by Mayor Goodwin and three of his aldermen, who formally surrendered the city. They were received by Colonel Stone, 25th Iowa Infantry, who assured that private property would be protected and an honorable occupation accorded their city.

"The Confederate forces having evacuated Columbia," read Mayor Goodwin's note to General Sherman, "I deem it my duty as mayor and representative of the city to ask for its citizens the treatment accorded by the usages of civilized warfare. I, therefore, respectfully request that you give a sufficient guard, in advance of the army, to maintain order in the city and protect the persons and property of its citizens.

"Very respectfully,

T. J. GOODWIN, *Mayor.*"

Colonel Stone climbed into the carriage with the mayor and aldermen and promised to present their note to General Sherman.

As the advance guard entered the city, the last of the cavalry of Wade Hampton retired eastward since he saw the uselessness of sacrificing his eight hundred men in a hopeless attempt to save Columbia.

The Federal army made its entrance with perfect discipline—bands playing, drums beating, flags flying. But as soon as the advance column was dismissed, it broke up into small parties, which scoured the city for plunder. Stores were entered, and the merchandise was either appropriated to the soldiers' wants, distributed to the negroes, or wantonly destroyed.

A fire occurring at the South Carolina Railroad depot seems to have been the first one observed. This did not take place from any deliberate application of the torch, but was brought about by the greed of a small band of marauders who, it would appear, were loitering about the depot in the early morning, before the entrance of the Federal army. In their haste to get at the stores of valuables prepared for shipment, they were careless with a lighted torch, and thereby caused the explosion of several kegs of powder. It is estimated that more than thirty of their number were killed. This fire, however, either burned itself out or was extinguished by one of the volunteer fire companies, it being generally conceded that it was under control all the while it lasted.

Universal reference is made to a number of bales of cotton which were piled on Richardson (now Main) Street, near the State House. Of the fact that some of these were burning during the day, there is no doubt whatever; but this slender thread was afterwards grasped by Sherman and his admirers as a logical explanation of the general conflagration of the night. Their claim that this cotton was fired by the retreating

Confederates and was the cause of the general destruction, not only remains unsubstantiated, but has been completely refuted by overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Both General Hampton and General Butler testified that orders had been given that the cotton be placed where "it might be burned if necessary," but the final order had been given that it *should not be burned*. Furthermore, General Butler deposed that his force was the last Confederate command to leave the city, that he did not leave it until after General Sherman's army had entered it, and that at the time of his departure not one bale of cotton had been fired or was burning. It is probable, as some who saw it suggested, that the cotton caught from sparks falling by accident from the pipes and cigars of Federal soldiers who, during the morning, reclined on the cotton. It is not our purpose to prove that the cotton was deliberately set on fire by the soldiers; enough charges of a more serious nature are to be laid at their door. There is, however, ample testimony to the effect that when local companies sought to extinguish it, the playful invaders punctured their hose with bayonets, cut it with sabers, and destroyed a portion of the truck. Nevertheless, the Independent Fire Company, by attaching a hose directly to a hydrant, succeeded in putting out the fire by one P.M.³

Early in the afternoon, columns of smoke were observed to the east of the city, marking the destruction of private residences, including that of General Hampton himself. No mention of these fires is to be found in Sherman's report. The fact that Hampton's beloved "Milwood" and other fine old country places were outside the city limits, and that no burning cotton was on the premises, may have had something to do with absence of detail.

Upon the application of some of the citizens, guards were detailed to protect private houses within the town. In many instances these guards acted with signal gallantry; but it is a significant fact that in few cases was a house occupied by these guards preserved from destruction, except by the express command of General Sherman himself. The guard might defend the person and chattels of his charge; but when the city burned the guarded house burned with it.⁴

It would be interesting to speculate upon the motive of General Sherman in supplying guards to every one who applied for their services; and could we feel conscientious in ascribing it to a sense of military propriety, we would cheerfully do so. However, the fact above alluded to—i. e., that the guards were universally ineffective when the time came for the city to be burned, prevents this charitable conclusion. It is a natural supposition that the general pursued this course for two reasons. First, to restrain his soldiers until the proper time, thus allowing everything to be in readiness for concerted action. Secondly, to reassure the citizens, so that they might be taken unawares. There may possibly have been the additional motive of establishing an alibi as to the responsibility, should later and calmer years see investigation proceedings instituted.

Whatever the motive, there were guards aplenty. And the statement of more than a score of reputable citizens

³ The *Daily Record*, Columbia, S. C., July 22, 1911. Hampton, Wade. Letter in *Baltimore Enquirer*, June 24, 1873, Butler, Gen. M. C. Affidavit of August 20, 1866.

⁴ Conrad says: "To some families . . . a guard was given for the protection of the houses. But only *pro forma*, and in every case without effect, because either sufficient authority was not given to these guards, or because they did not obey; the most of the houses so guarded suffered the common fate." ("Lights and Shadows in American Life During the War of Secession." Pleasant's Translation.)

shows that where present they, in most instances, protected the property under their charge—until the fire began. Striking exceptions to this faithfulness are, however, available, the case of Mrs. Agnes Law serving a specific example. Mrs. Law, on the 6th day of June, 1886, appeared before a magistrate—D. P. Miller—and made a sworn statement, extract of which is quoted:

"When the city began to burn I wished to move my furniture out. They (the guards) objected; said my home was in no danger, it was fireproof. I insisted on moving out, but one replied: 'If I were as safe till the end of the war as this house is from fire, I would be satisfied.' Not long afterwards these guards themselves took candles from the mantelpiece and went upstairs, and at the same time other soldiers crowded into the house. My sister followed them upstairs, but came down very soon to say: 'They are setting the curtains on fire.' Soon the whole house was in a blaze."

Another fact which strikes the investigator is the ample warning from friendly Union soldiers which preceded the burning of Columbia. In general, such warning came from men who had been befriended before the war or while in prison by Columbians. These men, feeling the noble impulse of gratitude, wished to mitigate, in some small measure, the horrors which were to come. A few examples will suffice to illustrate.

A Mrs. Boozer, whose husband, Dr. Boozer, had at one time been in charge of a Confederate prison, had, at that time, shown kindness to several captive Federal officers. She had, it seems, supplied them with little delicacies and in other ways lightened the burden of their imprisonment. They were later exchanged and became a part of Sherman's command. When the Federal army occupied Columbia these officers sought the residence of Mrs. Boozer and informed her that the city would be burned.⁵

The testimony of two men may well be presented at this point as further proof of the premeditated nature of the crime. The one is that of Mr. William H. Orchard, and was given before the "Committee to Collect Testimony in Relation to the Destruction of Columbia, S. C." (See Report of the Committee.)

Mr. Orchard stated that about 7 P.M. he was visited by a number of men, to whose pillaging he submitted with such composure that their leader was impressed and called him aside, telling him that if he had anything he wished to save, to take care of it at once. He further informed Mr. Orchard that "before morning this damned town will be in ashes, every house in it. If you don't believe me, you will be the sufferer. Watch, and you will see three rockets go up soon."

Mr. Stanley's testimony before the "Mixed Commission on British and American Claims, Washington, D. C., 1873, is the second example of specific mention of signals. It is a graphic story of the manner in which confirmation followed warning.

Question: "Were you in Columbia on the night of the burning?"

Answer: "Yes, sir."

Question: "By what means was the city burned?"

Answer: "By General Sherman's army of United States troops. I saw a man with the uniform of a United States soldier on enter the store of Mr. Robert Bryce. . . . With a firebrand about four feet in length, wrapped on one end with canvas, put fire to the store of Mr. Bryce under the roof. . . . A United States soldier told me himself that he set

fire to Colonel Clarkson's house. The United States soldiers were all over the city. They appeared to have selected the northwest corner of every square on Main Street, in the city, and fire broke simultaneously from different portions of the city. The wind blew strong from the northwest at the time. Houses standing in detached grounds of from three to forty acres were burned at the same time. There were no soldiers in the city at the time except the United States soldiers under General Sherman. . . . A United States officer, who was a perfect gentleman, who was sick at my store, told me that the city would be burned that night, which was the night of the 17th of February, 1865, and also explained to me the signals which would be used. I then sent for the mayor of the city and informed him of the fact. While standing, General Sherman, with a portion of his staff, was passing, and the mayor stopped them and told him that he heard the town would be burned that night. General Sherman replied: 'Mr. Mayor, you can go home and make yourself perfectly easy; your city and citizens are just as safe as if there were not a Federal soldier within a thousand miles. They shall be protected if it takes an entire corps of my army. I will avail myself of some time when the wind is not so high to destroy the Confederate property.' He then rode on. On that night, notwithstanding, I looked out for the signals of which I had been informed by the sick officer, and saw them. Immediately after the signals the fire commenced at the northwest corner of every square on Main Street."

Another warning from a friendly source is recorded of the Ursuline nuns. During the afternoon of the 17th, a Federal officer, Major Fitzgibbon by name, visited the convent and asked to speak to the Mother Superior. Introducing himself as a Catholic who was interested in their welfare, he urged her to obtain a guard for herself and charges. The Mother Superior, however, believing General Sherman's promise that private property would be protected, did not take his warning seriously. He then appeared agitated, and, in a tone of pleading, sincerely declared: "I cannot say that your convent is going to be burned, but we can't answer for what may happen. For I tell you, my sister, Columbia is a doomed city."

It appears that, convinced by his earnestness, and possibly by the further developments of the day, the Mother Superior did finally apply for a guard, which was readily promised her. A memorandum was sent by General Sherman to the convent stating that he had detailed ninety-six men for the duty from the 25th Iowa Regiment. It is further recorded that only seven of the ninety-six guardsmen were ever on hand, and that these were the first to begin the looting!⁶

But not all the intimation that the city was to be consumed came from kindly inclined Federal soldiers. Threats, many of a most insulting nature, outnumbered the friendly pre-

⁵ Swindell, Miss Anna Tillman. "The Burning of Columbia." The temptation to continue indefinitely this list of warnings from "friendly enemies" is great; however, to do so would weary the reader and break the continuity of the narrative. Objection will doubtless be raised as to why so few of the names of the Federal officers who issued the warnings are given. The answer is obvious—to warn the inhabitants of Columbia of her impending fate was to risk both rank and liberty . . . possibly life itself. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that in the majority of cases the name of the informant was purposely withheld. Nor, in the excitement of the rapidly unfolding drama, would the citizen think to ask. A few names are, nevertheless, recorded, though some of these may have been assumed for the occasion. Mrs. Cheves, in Savannah, was advised by a Colonel Poe and a Major Dayton not to go to Columbia, as the Union army expected to pass through South Carolina with the torch as well as with the sword. Mrs. Mary S. Whilden received timely advice from Capt. James G. Crosier, 21st Illinois. Mrs. Francis T. Caughman, of Lexington, was told by no less a man than General Kilpatrick, when speaking of Columbia: "Sherman will lay it in ashes for them."

⁶ Gibbes, Col. James G., "Who Burned Columbia?"

monitions; and it is by no means an exaggeration to state that when the city finally burst into flames, over half the population were expecting it to happen.

The nature of the signals, so often mentioned in personal accounts, is a matter not subject to dispute. They consisted of rockets, which went up from the region of the State House, according to the direction noted by most observers. They were seen by hundreds of people. The only point upon which all evidence does not agree is the hour in which the rockets were seen. Some individuals claim that they appeared as early as 7 P.M.; others placed their occurrence as late as nine. This discrepancy may easily be accounted for by the excitement of the occasion and the well-known failure of most persons to pay attention to the particular time of any specific happening. When questioned later, the witnesses naturally speculated as to the hour, and it would have been a too-remarkable coincidence had they all made the same guess. It is, however, a fact worthy of note that there was universal agreement that the rockets preceded the fires by but a few minutes; and that after the rockets were seen, fires broke out simultaneously in a score or more of widely separated quarters of the city.⁷

The people's committee reached the conclusion that the rockets appeared approximately at 8 P.M., or very soon thereafter; and their findings should perhaps be accepted as the most authentic, in view of the fact that they collected a greater amount of testimony than could possibly have been obtained by any one individual. Furthermore, this testimony was collected but a short time after the event.

Gen. O. O. Howard later declared that the rockets were merely for the purpose of showing the rest of the army the location of General Logan's headquarters and were sent up by the signal corps. The latter portion of his statement may be accepted at its face value. For reasons which will later become apparent, the first portion is not so acceptable.

Having established the fact that Columbians were not unprepared for the fate awaiting their city, let us now follow the activities of the Union soldiery in the interval of time at their disposal between their arrival and the appearance of the signal rockets.

Never in the history of warfare was an army more completely given to plunder. Venerable Priam, moaning over the sack of his beloved Ilium, saw ravages less barbarous, destruction less wanton, than was the fate of the Palmetto capital. What could be appropriated to personal use was promptly seized; the rest was utterly demolished. Silver and jewelry were the most coveted articles of plunder. Most of the latter was carried away, but the former, being so heavy and bulky, could not be as easily disposed of. A great amount was preserved whole by the looters, but probably a still greater quantity was melted down and poured into holes in the ground. These holes were made with bayonets or similar implements, the resulting cast being in the form of a rough bar about eighteen inches in length, and perhaps as heavy as a commercial stick of solder. Many of these silver casts were lost by the Federal soldiers, and afterwards recovered. Family plate having undergone such a metamorphosis was naturally a distressing sight to look upon, but, when found, was hailed as a bonanza by the impoverished inhabitants. Family portraits and works of art came in for their share of attention.

⁷Reference having already been made to testimony including specific allusions to the rockets, it is unnecessary to advance further citations at this point. The reader is referred, if interested, to the Committee's Report and to other source material.

Some of the more appreciative invaders were seen to cut portraits out of their frames, roll them up, and carry them off as souvenirs.

The famous collection of Dr. Robert W. Gibbes was a total loss. Despite the dignified entreaties of that scholarly gentleman, his old masters were hacked relentlessly with bayonets; his fossils broken; and his cabinets reduced to kindling wood. After thus demolishing his exhibit, the wreckage was burned before his eyes.

Mrs. Mary S. Whilden, of Charleston, S. C., possessed a valued walking cane, in former years the property of a gallant soldier brother who had made the supreme sacrifice on the bloody field of Secessionville. She had brought it among other treasures to Columbia, sharing the prevalent belief that the city was safe. As she left the house, her cane, stuck in her girdle, was seized by a passing Federal soldier. But the plucky lady wrenched it from his hand, and, raising it over his head, she exclaimed: "That cane belonged to a dead Confederate soldier who would never have harmed or insulted a woman, and if you will have it, I will break it over your head and you can take it in two pieces!"

"Woman," said the soldier, "you can keep your stick."

(Continued in May number)

OUR SOUTHERN PRIVATE.

BY MRS. H. G. CURTIS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

[Dedicated to Francis Orlando Curtis, Chaplain South Carolina Division, U. C. V.]

He wore no medals of gold on his breast
As he fought for his country's wrong;
No pages are filled with his deeds to the front,
His name is not mentioned in song.
He sleeps 'neath the sod for which he fought,
Undisturbed by the battle's din,
And we give to our heroes a laurel wreath—
But we shed our tears for him.

"Aye! Glorious things of them are spoken,"
While he in the thick of the fight,
Forgot honor and glory 'midst anguish and pain,
His country's wrong only in sight.
He wore no stripes on his sleeves of gray,
His name in no hist'ry appears,
Yet we raise to our heroes a marble shaft—
While we water his grave with our tears.

And the years roll on and our thoughts are lost
In the ceaseless whirlpool of life;
But we, 'midst the changes of modern years,
Forget not that scene of strife.
And the power of nations comes in like the tide
And goes out 'neath a hero's sway,
But to those laborers of power we bow our heads,
While we wipe the tears away.

Sleep on in your realm of Southern gray,
That color enshrined in our minds!
Sleep on while we guard thy lowly mounds
Through the harrowed ages of time.
Sleep on! 'neath the land you washed with your blood,
Through a vista of fast-flitting years,
Till that reckoning day when God above
Shall wash your souls with his tears.

THE FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. W. R. BARNETT, JR., KNOXVILLE, TENN.

One of the most fascinating subjects, as well as one of the most complicated, is the study of the history of the flags of the Confederacy. It has been said that perhaps no other people since the world began ever fought under such a variety of banners as did the Confederate soldiers. At the beginning of the war, with patriotism at fever height, with the States seceding, with companies being organized all over the Southland, with the burning, intense desire in each community and State to fling aloft a banner which should symbolize the enthusiasm filling each heart, it is not surprising that a great variety of flags, emblazoned with the figures and mottoes emblematic of the sentiments of the South, came into use. Some of these were made overnight, in the "wee sma' hours"; into others went days and weeks of careful stitching. Some were made of bunting, but many, many were fashioned from bridal robes and other silk gowns that fair and nimble fingers gave and made so gladly and yet so sadly. Hundreds of these flags are preserved in the departments of the national government in Washington, Annapolis, West Point, and in Southern museums; and a large number are in private hands throughout the South. Sacred and beautiful emblems, they speak to us with mute eloquence of the heart-stirring scenes of the past.

Shortly after the organization of the Confederate government, advertisements appeared in newspapers asking for flag designs to be submitted in order that a standard design might be selected for the Confederate States of America. One writer says: "Samples came in from all parts of the country, through the mails, on horseback, and on foot, and were of every conceivable shape and variety. From the number of designs submitted each company might have fought under a different flag. "At last the committee, with William Porcher Miles as chairman, agreed on a selection, and on March 4, 1861, the Confederate Congress formally adopted the first flag of the Confederacy, the one known in history, song, and story as the "Stars and Bars." The honor of designing the beautiful emblem has had two claimants, Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, and Mr. Nicola Marschall, of Louisville, Ky., a young Prussian artist. However, an article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in 1923, telling of the erection of a beautiful drinking fountain in Louisburg, N. C., by the North Carolina Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy as a memorial to the first Confederate flag, the "Stars and Bars," and to Major Smith, its designer, seems to establish the veracity of his claim. No flag has been the object of more loving devotion than the first Confederate flag, and this emblem is the one adopted by Daughters of the Confederacy as their official one.

A flag must not only be beautiful, but it must have other qualities of a practical nature as well. At the first battle of Manassas, in July, 1861, it was found that at a distance the Confederate Stars and Bars so closely resembled the Federal Stars and Stripes that, after the battle each side thought the other had carried its emblem. The commanding officers saw that some solution must be found, and that shortly, if confusion were to be avoided on the field of battle. As a possible solution, General Beauregard ordered that at the next engagement his men wear a small red badge on the left shoulder, but at the battle of Bull Run, it was seen that a number of the Federal troops wore the same insignia. After several conferences between Generals Beauregard and Joseph E. Johnston, there was evolved the *Confederate Battle Flag*, of which it is said: "It was conceived on the field of battle, lived

on the field of battle, and was proudly borne on the field of battle from Manassas to Appomattox." Apart from its beauty, it had other distinguishing qualities. Its size and shape made it easy of carriage and prevented its being torn by soldiers' bayonets. (The battle flags were square, infantry 4x4, artillery 3x3, cavalry 2½x2½.) It was easily seen at a great distance. To quote General Beauregard: "Through the trees it fluttered in the sunlight like a red-bird." The flag was first called the "Battle Flag of the Army of the Potomac." It was eventually adopted by all troops except Cleburne's Division. To-day it is the official flag of the United Confederate Veterans.

Following the adoption of the Southern Cross as a battle flag, the need of a new national standard to take the place of the Stars and Bars was discussed from time to time in the Confederate Congress and by Southern publications, but two years elapsed before the change was effected. In April, 1863, while the matter was under discussion in Congress, the editor of the *Savannah News* suggested a white flag with the battle flag as its union. His article was reprinted in the Richmond newspapers, and this suggestion coinciding so nearly with the design under consideration for adoption was accepted, and the second Confederate flag was formally adopted May 1, 1863. Many favorable comments were heard as the new flag was flung to the breeze from ship and fort. It was called the "Stainless Banner." It was also called the "Jackson Flag," because the one sent to President Davis to be unfurled over the Capitol served a holier, tenderer purpose, that of enfolding the body of that brave soldier of the Confederacy, Stonewall Jackson, who had just died. It is said that the superstitious viewed this use of the newly selected flag with dismay and regarded it as ominous.

"The Stainless Banner" was the only flag to sail every sea and circumnavigate the globe. At the peak of the Shenandoah it proudly floated and was hauled down in Liverpool six months after the war ended.

Although this flag was greatly beloved, objections to it were voiced. Due to the great preponderance of white in the design, when hanging dead against the staff, it looked like a flag of truce; also, at a distance it greatly resembled the white English ensign; and, again, the large proportion of white in it made it very impractical for army and navy use. All these reasons led in time to the adoption of the third Confederate flag, which was an exact reproduction of the first save a broad red bar extended the width of the flag. This third flag was adopted on March 4, 1865. Thus, in all, there were four flags of the Confederacy—three authorized by Congress, the fourth, the battle flag, born out of the exigencies of the struggle.

Here endeth the mere historical account of "the flags of the Confederacy," but circled around each there is a halo of glorious service, undimmed and imperishable. In golden memory's timeless vaults they will live forever and forever. Love and loyalty have so enshrined them that many touching incidents have come down to us, and we love to tell them over and over.

From the Samoan Islands comes the story of the native who, on a feast day, displayed on his boat a silk Confederate flag. Upon being pressed as to how he had come by it, he reluctantly told of a white man, greatly beloved by the natives, who had spent his last years in their midst. His most cherished possession was a beautiful flag, and when he came to die, he said: "See that flag. It was the flag of my nation, a great people. It went down in defeat, but rather than surrender it, I left country, home, kinsmen, and friends and came here with it. Take it; it is yours, but never let a

white man touch it." This ex-Confederate soldier proved to be Henry Clay Renfrew, of Kentucky, who lived in voluntary exile thirty-three years rather than surrender the beloved flag.

There are many interesting stories connected with the return of battle flags to the States, regiments, and companies from which they were captured. I shall tell only one and that one because it has such a deep interest for us. When, in 1900, Gov. Joseph F. Johnson, of Alabama, and many other distinguished Southern men were in New Hampshire at the ceremony of placing tablets on the warships Kearsage and Alabama, to commemorate the battle between the two warships of the sixties, Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, presented to the governor of Alabama two flags, with these words: "Governor Johnson, I hold in my hand two pieces of bunting, worn and faded, torn and stained by storm and battle, but once they were borne at the head of regiments of brave men; once two thousand stalwart youths followed wherever their bright folds gleamed. We do not know the names of the regiments from which they came, we do not know the names of the men who bore them. All we know is that they waved in front of Battery No. 5 at Petersburg, all during that hot and terrible siege, and were captured by the men of the 13th New Hampshire." Does it not thrill us to know that after the flags were brought South by Governor Johnson, and inquiries instituted, it was discovered that one of the flags had belonged to the gallant 63d Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, with Col. Frank Moses, of Knoxville, as ensign? The flag was brought to Knoxville and presented to the Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V. This camp, as you know, bears the name of a heroic young soldier of the regiment, and of our city, who was killed at the time the flag was captured and whose body was never recovered.

From Montgomery, Ala., comes the story with which I close. It is related by Mrs. Watt in the history of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery. It happened just a few weeks after the surrender, and Montgomery was still a United States garrison, with camps of Yankee soldiers seen in every part of the city. Mrs. Watt, then just a child, was full of youthful ardor for Memorial Day for the graves of the Confederate dead. Her home was surrounded with great, fragrant masses of spring flowers, that seemed to be blooming with unusual beauty and splendor. From the glowing whole, she selected a profusion of red, red roses, creamy white roses, starlike spirea, the blue of violets. With these she fashioned a Confederate flag, with bars of red and white roses, field of blue violets, and stars of white spirea. It was, with its staff of green, a perfect representation in spring's sweet flowers of our furled banner. Without a thought of imprudence or disloyalty, she placed it on the grassy mound, a thing of beauty. But up dashed Yankee soldiers with threatening looks—and soon her little flag was whisked away by older friends of the family, who counselled caution, fearing an accusation of treason.

O, how changed to-day, when on any and all occasions the beloved banners of the Confederacy may show their gleaming, hallowed folds, and only veneration, love, and respect come from friend and foe alike.

"The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past
And they not heed its roar.
The Stars and Cross 'neath which they fought
On many a bloody day,
From their green graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away."

THE FIGHTING AT SPRING HILL, TENN.

BY CAPT. JOHN K. SHELLINGER, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO INFANTRY, U. S. A.

(Continued from March number.)

A regiment of the 23rd Corps, the provost guard at Schofield's headquarters, which came to Spring Hill with the headquarters train and was posted in support of the battery at the village, has persistently claimed that the salvation of our army was due to the heroic stand it made after all of Wagner's men had run away. In a historical sketch of the regiment in "Ohio in the War," occurs this statement: "At Spring Hill, the regiment had another opportunity to show its pluck. A division that had been sent forward in charge of the trains was drawn up to resist any attack the rebels might make, while the regiment, being with the headquarters train, was ordered to support a battery so placed as to sweep an open field in front of the troops. The enemy, emerging from the woods, marched steadily up to the National lines, when the entire division broke and ran."

That is pretty strong language in view of the battle record of Wagner's Division. Of the four brigades among all the brigades serving in all the Western armies given prominent mention by Colonel Fox in his book on "Regimental Losses," as famous fighting brigades, two, Opdycke's and Bradley's, belonged to Wagner's Division, to say nothing of the fact that the brigades of Opdycke and Lane were on the other side of Spring Hill, out of sight of Cleburne's attack. But it is seriously so stated: "The entire division broke and ran, leaving the regiment and the battery to resist the attack. Fixing bayonets, the men awaited the onset. As soon as the enemy came within range, they poured a well-directed fire into their ranks, which, being seconded by the battery, caused them to waver. Portions of the retreating division having rallied, the rebels were compelled to betake themselves to the woods."

In a paper on this campaign prepared by Capt. Levi T. Schofield, and read at the October, 1884, meeting of the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, he related how the officers of his regiment tried to stop the flying troops, and taunted their officers with the bad example they were setting their men; how the regiment opened a rapid, withering fire from a little parapet of cartridges which the officers, breaking open boxes of ammunition, had built in front of the men, and how this fire proved so destructive at that close range that it stopped Cheatham's men, who then fell back and commenced building breastworks. In calling them Cheatham's men, did the captain mean to insinuate that Cheatham's whole corps was charging on the regiment? He uses the words, "withering," "destructive," and "that close range," in a way to raise the inference that the contact was very close. The actual distance was shrapnel shell range, for the battery stopped Cleburne with those missiles before he had crossed the little stream, more than one thousand yards away. Instead of a cool regiment of exceptional staying qualities delivering a destructive fire at close range, as pictured by the captain, the truth discloses an excited regiment, if it ever opened fire at all, wasting ammunition at too long range to do any damage.

That this was the truth is proved by the significant fact, not deemed worthy of mention in either of the accounts quoted, that the regiment did not lose a single man, killed or wounded—not one—and it was not protected by breastworks. None are mentioned in any of the official reports, and the chief clerk in the office of the Adjutant General of Ohio is my authority that none are mentioned on the rolls of the regiment.

Many years after his paper was read, Captain Scofield issued it in a small bound volume, profusely illustrated with pictures and portraits, and containing a map of Spring Hill claiming to be drawn to scale. It lays down roads and streams that are not there, and in defiance of the official reports it locates Wagner's Division in a double line of battle immediately south of Spring Hill, in front of the position occupied by his regiment. Manifestly this was done to uphold his claim that his regiment had repulsed the attack of the enemy after all of Wagner's men had run away. To him attaches the double infamy of deliberately inventing malicious false statements concerning the conduct of the troops that actually sustained the hard brunt of the campaign, and of forging a map to uphold his claims. He describes the regiment as what was left of it after the way it had been cut up in the Atlanta campaign, with the same artful vagueness used in the matter of the range, seeking to raise the inference that the battle losses of the regiment had been extraordinary. Again, to be specific, in its three-years term of service the regiment lost two officers and thirty-seven men, killed, or died of wounds; less than one-third the average loss of the six regiments composing Bradley's Brigade, and it stands one hundred and ninth among the infantry regiments of its State in the number of its battle losses—at the bottom of the list of three-year regiments, except six that spent most of their time in garrison duty. It would appear that the 103rd Ohio had become pretty well imbued with the spirit characteristic of the headquarters with which it was associated, to claim credit in an inverse ratio to services rendered.

When Cleburne changed direction, his left swung in so close to the pike that the guns and the 36th Illinois were driven away, and Cleburne could then have extended his left across the pike without meeting with any further resistance. Lowrey and Govan made the change in line of battle, while Granbury faced to the right and followed their movement in column of fours. Afterwards, Granbury about faced and, moving back a short distance in column, then fronted into line and advanced to a farm fence paralleling the pike at a distance of from eighty to one hundred yards, as variously stated by different men of the brigade. His line there halted and laid down behind the fence. Cleburne and Granbury were both killed the next day, at Franklin, and it is not known why Granbury did not go on and take possession of the pike. The brigades of Lowrey and Govan had become so badly mixed up in the pursuit of Bradley and in the recoil from the fire of the battery, that their line had to be reformed. When this was accomplished, Cleburne was about to resume his attack toward Spring Hill when he was stopped by an order from Cheatham, who had brought up Brown's Division on Cleburne's right and had sent an order to Bate to close up and connect with Cleburne's left. This proves that developments, probably the fire of so many guns opening on Cleburne, had convinced Cheatham that the force holding Spring Hill was so strong as to demand the attention of his entire corps. His intention was for Brown to lead in an attack, Cleburne to follow Brown, and Bate, when he came up, to follow Cleburne. But when Brown got into position on the ridge from which Bradley had been driven, where he could see into Spring Hill, he reported to Cheatham that he was outflanked on his right and that it would lead to inevitable disaster for him to attack. The 97th Ohio, of Lane's Brigade, was to the left of the battery in front of Spring Hill, with the left of the 97th extending toward the Mount Carmel Road. The 100th Illinois was on the other side of the road, in advance of the 97th Ohio, and they were connected by a part of

the 40th Indiana, deployed as skirmishers. That was the force that paralyzed the action of Brown's veteran division. Cheatham then ordered Brown to refuse his right brigade, to protect his flank, and to attack with the rest of his division. Brown, still hesitating, Cheatham then concluded that the force holding Spring Hill was too strong for his corps alone to attack, for he reported to Hood that the line in his front was too long for him, and that Stewart's Corps must first come up and form on his right. But before Stewart could get up night had come.

It is noticeable that Brown's only excuse for not attacking was that he was outflanked on his right, for the claim has been made that Hood arrived in front of Spring Hill too late in the day to accomplish anything. Schofield himself has claimed that his action was based on a cool calculation, made from his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, gained while they were classmates at West Point. He knew that Hood was deficient in mathematics as a cadet and could make no accurate calculation as to the time required to overcome difficulties; that marching by a muddy country road, he would arrive in front of Spring Hill tired, sleepy, and so much later than he had calculated, that he would defer any action until next day. Between "shortly after daylight," when he had started from Duck River, and 3 o'clock, when he had crossed Rutherford's Creek, Hood had ridden about ten miles, too short a distance to tire him out, and too early in the day to become sleepy. He then sent forward Cheatham's Corps with plenty of time before night came for this corps to have made a secure lodgment on the pike or to have run over Wagner's Division, the way it was strung out, if Cleburne's attack had been promptly followed up with anything like the vigor with which he had jumped on Bradley's Brigade. Hood's arrival in front of Spring Hill that afternoon was clearly a contingency unlooked for by Schofield, for it caught our army in a situation to leave no reasonable hope of escape without dire disaster, and Schofield himself, as will appear, was thoroughly frightened by the situation. That his after claim for the saving merit of his cool calculation was fully accepted by the administration is proved by the big promotion he was given, when, in fact, his bad miscalculation was responsible for getting the army into a trap, escape from which was due to the almost incredible blunders made by the enemy. Of the miracle of that escape much remains to be told.

When Wagner was coming to Spring Hill, the 26th Ohio was detached from the column to guard a country road entering the pike more than a mile southwest of the village. Captain Kelly, of the 26th, informed me that the regiment was driven back that evening by a battle line so long as to extend beyond both flanks. That was Bate's Division. After driving back the 26th, there was nothing to prevent Bate from sweeping down the pike toward Columbia. If he had obeyed that order, he would have met Ruger's Division when it was coming to Spring Hill, and then the cat would have been out of the bag. Bate declined to obey Cheatham's first recall order, because it conflicted with the order direct from Hood, under which he was acting, and Cheatham's order had to be repeated. I tried, without success, to get an explanation from Bate. Evidently he did not want to have his action investigated. It is my belief, putting this and that together, that Cheatham's first recall order reached Bate just as he was driving back the 26th Ohio, and he halted where he then was, about two hundred yards east of the pike, to await an explanation. Whatever the cause, he wasted about two hours of precious time in doing nothing, for he not only disobeyed the order to sweep down the pike, but he made no lodgment on the pike except with some skirmishers. Captain

Kelly informed me that he saw the skirmishers come up to the pike fence.

About half past six o'clock, after dark, Ruger's Division came along. First, leaving orders for the other divisions to follow that night, about half past four o'clock, Schofield started with Ruger's Division to reinforce Stanley. Ruger had a skirmish in driving Bate's skirmishers off the pike, but as his main body was still east of the pike, where he had encountered the 26th Ohio, instead of astride the pike, where, by Hood's orders, it should have been, Ruger had no further difficulty in passing Bate. Granbury's Brigade was still lying behind the fence close to the pike and, after passing Bate, Ruger had to run the gauntlet of Granbury's line. Granbury had been notified that Bate was to come up from the left, and, hearing Ruger marching along the pike in the darkness, he mistook him for Bate. Thus, Schofield, with Ruger, rode along directly under the muzzles of the muskets of Granbury's line in blissful ignorance of the danger he was passing. Captain English, Granbury's adjutant, advanced toward the pike to investigate and was captured by the flankers covering the march of Ruger's column. Elias Bartlett, of the 36th Illinois, was on picket on the pike at the bridge across the little stream a half mile south of Spring Hill. He informed me that when Schofield came up to his post, he began eagerly to question him, saying that he had feared everything at Spring Hill had been captured; that while they were talking, a Confederate, near enough to hear the sound of their voices, fired on them, and Schofield then rode on.

In this connection occurs another of the many false statements made by Schofield in his book. He there states that he arrived at Spring Hill "about dark." If that were true, then shortly before dark, with Ruger's Division, he must have passed Bate's Division and Granbury's Brigade, facing the pike within easy musketry range. If it had been light enough to see, they would have opened fire on Ruger's Division, and that would have made a big difference in the outcome. Stanley's report explicitly states that Schofield arrived at 7 o'clock. As the days were then almost the shortest of the year, it was more than an hour after dark when he arrived.

Soon after Ruger had passed, Cheatham's second recall order reached Bate. He then moved up through the fields on his right, Granbury fell back from the fence, and Cleburne and Bate connected and adjusted a new line with Bate's left brigade refused to face the pike. All the rest of their line ran across the country away from the pike. Bate had utterly failed to grasp the significance of Ruger's march, claiming that his flank was in danger. His representations to that effect were so urgent that Johnson's Division was brought up and posted on Bate's left, Johnson's line and the line of Bate's refused brigade paralleling the pike at a distance of not more than one hundred and fifty yards. Many contradictory statements have been made relative to the distance of this part of the Confederate line from the pike. The owner of the land pointed out to me a little plantation graveyard as being just inside the Confederate line that night. He said that the position of their line was marked the next morning after they had gone by the rail barricades they had built, and by the remains of their bivouac fires. He very positively asserted that no part of their line facing the pike was distant more than one hundred and fifty yards from the pike. All the intervening space was cleared land. When the divisions of Cox, Wood, and Kimball came up from Duck River later in the night they marched along unmolested within that easy range of the Confederate line, and could see plainly the men around the bivouac fires. A staff officer was

stationed on the pike, beyond Johnson's left, where the fires first came into view, to caution the troops, as they came up, to march by the fires as quietly as possible. Captain Bestow, of General Wood's staff, has related that when the officer told Wood the long line of fires he could see paralleling the pike so closely on their right was the bivouac fires of the enemy, the veteran Wood was so astounded that he exclaimed: "In God's name, no!" When they came abreast of the fires, one of the orderlies, believing it impossible they could be the enemy, started to ride over to one of the fires to light his pipe. He had gone only a short distance when he was fired on and came galloping back. A colonel of Johnson's Division has stated that he held his regiment in line, momentarily expecting an order to open fire, until his men, one after another overcome by fatigue, had all dropped to the ground to go to sleep. Some of Johnson's men, on their own responsibility, went out on the pike, between the passage of the different divisions, to capture stragglers to get the contents of their haversacks. They were the men who made it unsafe, as reported by General Stanley, for a staff officer or an orderly to ride along the pike when a column of troops was not passing. General Hood had gone to bed when he was told that troops were marching along the pike. Without getting out of bed, he directed Colonel Mason, his chief of staff, to send an order to Cheatham to advance on the pike and attack. But Mason admitted the next day, as stated by Governor Harris, of Tennessee, who was serving as a volunteer aid on Hood's staff, that he never sent the order.

There is a bit of Stanley's report that gives a clear glimpse of the situation as Schofield and Stanley believed it to be after they had met that night:

"General Schofield arrived from Columbia at 7 o'clock in the evening with Ruger's Division. He found the enemy on the pike (Bate's skirmishers), and had quite a skirmish in driving them off. My pickets had reported seeing columns of the enemy passing to the eastward of our position, as if to get possession of the hills at Thompson's Station, and the anxious question arose whether we could force our way through to Franklin. It was determined to attempt this, and General Schofield pushed on with Ruger's division to ascertain the condition of affairs."

Another vivid glimpse is afforded by the statement of O. J. Hack, a conductor on the railway, who was also interested in a store at Columbia. He came down the road that day as a passenger on the last train southbound, having in charge some goods for the store. The last train northbound was met at the Spring Hill station, and from the trainmen it was learned that the army was retreating. The two trains stood at the station that afternoon. About 7 o'clock, being anxious to save his goods, Hack went over to Spring Hill in quest of a guard to run the trains back to Franklin. On inquiring for headquarters, he was directed to a brick house where, in a large room, he found Schofield and Stanley. Schofield, recently arrived from Duck River, had just been getting Stanley's account of the situation. Hack said that Schofield was in a state of great agitation, "walking the floor and wringing his hands." When Hack had told what he wanted, Schofield replied that the enemy had possession of the road north of Spring Hill and the trains could not move. The report of Stanley and the statement of Hack concur in showing it was Schofield's belief, at that time, that the enemy had possession of the Franklin Pike; that the army was caught in a trap; that the only way out was the desperate expedient of forcing a passage with a night attack, and, failing in that, he must fight a battle next day under so many disadvantages that ruinous defeat, with the possible loss of the army, was

staring him in the face. It would be interesting to know what Schofield then thought of his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, and of his cool calculation based thereon, for which he afterwards so unblushingly claimed so much credit.

The two trains stood at the station until daylight began to dawn the next morning, when a detail of men came and commenced building fires to burn the cars. The detail was driven away by the advance of the enemy, and the fires were extinguished before much damage was done. The two trains thus captured afforded the transportation alluded to in a letter to Richmond, written by General Hood while in front of Nashville, wherein he stated that he had captured enough transportation to make use of the railroad in bringing up supplies. But Schofield ignored the loss of the two trains. In his official report, he explicitly stated that, with the exception of a few wagons and of a few cattle that were stampeded, he had arrived at Franklin without any loss.

From the location of his headquarters, General Hood could see nothing of what was going on at Spring Hill, and for information had to rely on the reports made by his subordinates who were in contact with our troops. The character of those reports is unmistakably indicated by the second move that Hood made. His first move, as has been shown, was based on the correct theory that a part of Schofield's army was at Spring Hill, and a part at Duck River. It contemplated thrusting in Cheatham's Corps between those two parts. His second move, made after the fighting was all over, and after he had received the reports of that fighting, was based on the theory that all of Schofield's army had reached Spring Hill, for, abandoning all purpose of cutting off any part south of Spring Hill, it contemplated seizing the pike north of Spring Hill and cutting off the retreat to Franklin. Between sunset and dark, as stated by General Stewart, he received orders to cross Rutherford's Creek with his corps, to pass to the right of Cheatham's Corps, and to extend his right across the Franklin Pike. After about five hours of lazy effort, Stewart finally went into bivouac with his right a mile away from the Franklin Pike. His excuses for his failure were the fatigue of his men and the darkness of the night.

To execute Hood's orders involved a march of about four miles—three miles by the Rally Hill Road to the point where it turns west, thence across the country to the Franklin Pike. That no great difficulties were involved in the march is proved by the fact that Johnson's Division made a similar march in two hours, after night, to get into position on Bate's left.

The night was as dark, the men were as tired, the distance was as great, and the way was as difficult for Johnson as for Stewart. Moreover, Stewart had the advantage of crossing Rutherford's Creek, the greatest obstacle en route for either of them, by daylight. When Stanley's pickets reported columns of the enemy moving to the eastward, what they saw must have been the march of Stewart's Corps. It was not possible for any of our pickets to see anything of this march until it had come out from the cover of the ridge from which Bradley's Brigade had been driven. This proves that Stewart had crossed Rutherford's Creek and already had marched more than half the distance to the Franklin Pike while it was still light enough for the pickets to see. When the advance had reached the turn in the road, where it was necessary to begin the march across the country, for some unexplained reason, the column was halted, and remained halted until it finally went into bivouac where it was then standing, along the Rally Hill Road. While it was halted, Stewart wasted precious time in going back to Forrest's headquarters, which he states was near by, but actually was fully two miles to the rear. Anyone who will read Stewart's own statement, printed

in the official reports, with the aid of a map of the battle field, can reach no other conclusion than that Stewart made a very lukewarm effort to accomplish Hood's orders; that it was an easy possibility for him, if that unnecessary halt had not been made, to have planted his corps astride the Franklin Pike before seven o'clock. Then, when Schofield started north with Ruger's Division, at nine o'clock, he would have found the way effectually barred.

When Schofield "pushed on with Ruger's Division to ascertain the condition of affairs," on his arrival at Thompson's Station, three miles north of Spring Hill, he found camp fires still burning, but the brigade of cavalry that had been in position there withdrew without offering any resistance. After posting Ruger there to hold the crossroads, Schofield returned to Spring Hill, where he arrived at midnight, at the same time as the advance of Cox's Division. With this division he then hurried through to Franklin, picking up Ruger as he passed along, and thus saddling Stanley with all the risk of saving the artillery and the trains. If they had been lost, Stanley would have been the scapegoat, but with the same skill with which that afternoon he had bluffed off ten-twelfths of Hood's army with a single division, Stanley that night saved the artillery and the trains. At three o'clock in the morning, when only a part of the trains had pulled out, the long column on the pike was brought to a standstill by an attack some place in front. The situation was so critical that General Wood, who was then with Stanley, believing that it would be impossible to save both troops and trains, advised that the trains be abandoned. But Stanley persevered until the attack was beaten off and the column again in motion. The two trains of cars had to be abandoned on account of a bridge that had been destroyed north of the station, and nearly forty wagons were destroyed by the attacks made by Forrest on the wagon train between Thompson's Station and Franklin. Everything else was saved.

Stanley, by the way, was one of the many good soldiers who were overslaughed by the big promotion given Schofield. Stanley outranked Schofield as a captain in the regular army, and as a major general of volunteers. By assignment of the President, secured by his extraordinary ability in the arts of diplomacy instead of by fighting ability, Schofield was a department commander, while Stanley was a corps commander. It thus happened that Stanley was serving under his junior in rank. At the time of his assignment as a department commander, in February, 1864, Schofield had never commanded troops in battle. His only previous battle experience had been as an officer on the staff of General Lyon in the battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10, 1861.

(Continued in May.)

FROM FIRST TO LAST.—J. L. Sherrard, of Crozet, Va., writes, in renewing subscription: "I am now in my eighty-fifth year. I went into the war in May, 1861, as second lieutenant in Company I, 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, a company of students in Washington College, Lexington, Va. (now Washington and Lee University). Out of forty-two men, there were seven killed and five wounded at First Manassas; what was left of the company surrendered at Appomattox. I left the company the second year, and was afterwards in the 11th Virginia Cavalry under Ashby, and later under General Rosser. My last service was in McNeill's raid into Cumberland, Md., when Generals Crook and Kelly were taken out of their beds and carried off. On the return, I was captured and taken back, and sent to Camp Chase prison, from which I was discharged June 12, 1865,



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

TAPS.

BY ALBERT SPEIDEN, MANASSAS, VA.

"Bring my saber and the old gray suit
And lay them by my bed,
I must be ready when the bugle calls,"
The old Confederate said.

"I see the boys are marching
Along the dusty road;
Saddle my horse, the old gray one,
And my old carbine load."

"Hear the charge! let me go!"
As he raised up from his bed,
"Ah, I was wrong, 'twas not a charge,
But it was taps instead."

Yes, 'twas taps the old man heard,
And his eyelids closed on all;
With a smile upon his lips,
He responded to the call.

CAPT. CALVIN E. MYERS.

The last of the original volunteers in the Mexican War who gave Tennessee its name of "The Volunteer State" passed with the death of Capt. Calvin E. Myers at his home in Livingston, Tenn., on January 12, at the age of ninety-eight years. The venerable captain, who helped to avenge the Alamo with the forces of the United States and later fought as valiantly with the army of the Confederacy, was, at the time of his death, the only Tennessean drawing both a Federal and a State pension for military service. Age and its infirmities he had withstood remarkably until a stroke of paralysis started the collapse and he shortly expired. He died in the house where he had lived for a half century.

Captain Myers was born at Blount, Jackson County, Tenn., on the Cumberland River, later removing to Overton County, near Livingston, in 1859. Ten years before this he had married Miss Elizabeth Young, of Jackson County, and thirteen children blessed their union, of whom three sons and four daughters survive him.

His war experiences were a favorite topic of conversation for Captain Myers, but he was well abreast of present-day occurrences by reading the newspapers. In the Mexican War he served under General Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, and fought en route at Molino del Rey and St. Augustine. He was eighteen years old when he returned home on August 7, 1848. When the War between the States came on, Captain Myers raised the first company in Overton County, which was known as the Overton Guards, and of which only one member, Mike Speck, Sr., is now alive. He was in twelve battles, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

Returning home to find everything gone, Captain Myers went to work in the oil fields to support his family, and later went into the contracting business. He was a Democrat, and had voted in every Presidential election since he was twenty-one.

It was estimated that fifteen hundred people from Overton, Clay, Jackson, Putnam, and Cumberland counties attended the funeral, filling the home and covering the lawn while the services were being conducted inside. At the conclusion, members of the American Legion bore the body to the adjacent cemetery, where the services were concluded by the Masons.

MAJ. T. H. BOMAR.

Maj. Thomas Hayne Bomar, of Pecos, Tex., one of the revered heroes of the Confederate army, died on March 11, 1927, after a long period of suffering. He had passed his eighty-fourth year and had already given his possessions to the poor and needy. The burial was at El Paso, Tex.

Major Bomar was born at Macon, Ga., on November 4, 1842, and was educated in the Georgia Military Academy at Marietta. He was from one of the most distinguished families of Georgia; his father, D. Benjamin F. Bomar, founder of the first Masonic Lodge of Atlanta, Paymaster in the army of Northern Virginia in 1861, ranking as captain; was assigned to the 28th (G.I.) Regiment, and later was made Paymaster at Atlanta, and then at Columbus, Ga.

With the declaration of war in 1861, Thomas Bomar enlisted, and received the captaincy of a battery of light artillery, then only nineteen years of age. At the siege of Charleston, he had charge of a battery on Sullivan's Island, and commanded what was at that time the heaviest siege gun in the world. In May, 1864, he was transferred to the infantry service in the Army of Northern Virginia, under command of Gen. John B. Gordon. His most extended service in Virginia was in the Shenandoah Valley, where he received his commission as major of the 38th Georgia Infantry. He was captured at the battle of Cedar Creek, where, in command of the rear guard on the extreme left of General Gordon's line, he held the enemy in check until the greater part of the command had passed safely across the Stone Bridge. Major Bomar was imprisoned at Fort Delaware. He and sixteen others refused to take the oath of allegiance and were not given their freedom until August, 1865.

Returning to Georgia, Major Bomar was with the surveyors of the Atlantic and Charlotte Air Line Railway, and a little later entered seriously into the engineering profession. For several years he was civil engineer in North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, chiefly with the railroad companies, which did extensive work in his country. One of his big jobs was on the intricate and costly work through the Blue Ridge Mountains, around Round Knob, and also the noted Cumberland Gap tunnel. Later, he did many tunnel jobs in New Mexico, for the El Paso and Southwestern Railway, this last being his thirteenth tunnel.

The unselfishness and philanthropic spirit of this man were especially worthy of note. Shortly after the war, he interested Hon. Peter Cooper, of New York, in a joint project for the education of the poorer girls of the South, by which many a deserving Southern girl received a liberal education free of all cost, and his name, in conjunction with Mr. Cooper, is still revered and respected in many of the Southern States. Trustworthy and courageous, he was known as one of the bravest and most dependable officers in the Confederate army, and his later life was a great gift to his fellow man.

JUDGE W. S. HAYMOND.

Judge William Stanley Haymond, distinguished jurist, lawyer of brilliant attainments, greatly beloved resident of Fairmont, W. Va., and member of an early prominent family, passed into the Great Beyond at his home, Shady-side, on the 3rd of March.

Judge Haymond was one of the eleven children of the late Judge Alpheus F. Haymond, a noted jurist and statesman of his time, and Maria Hoggess Haymond, and was born at Fairmont on August 26, 1852. He was a lineal descendant of John Haymond, who came to America from England in 1734 and settled in Maryland, and whose son, Maj. William Haymond, was, as a lad of fifteen years, in the command of General Braddock in the unsuccessful effort against Fort Duquesne.

In November, 1862, a few months after he was ten years old, William Haymond became a messenger boy, or courier, with Imboden's Brigade of Virginia troops, and was at the battle of Gettysburg. Thereafter he was with his command on its raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania, his loyal service to the Confederacy covering a period of eighteen months. In the spring of 1864 he returned to his home. In later years he often related many interesting experiences of his service as a courier in the Confederate army and of the messages he carried to General Lee at Gettysburg.

In April, 1881, he was admitted to the bar in Fairmont, and continued in successful practice until his appointment, in 1890, as judge of the intermediate court of Marion County, the first judge to preside over this newly created court. In 1894, he resumed his private practice and controlled a large and important law business. In 1913, he was elected judge of the circuit court, and continued in this office until January, 1921. Later on, he and his son formed a law partnership, and followed the profession of their ancestors together. He was known as a brilliant orator, and was often called upon to preside at important functions in his city and elsewhere.

Judge Haymond married Miss Agnes B. Cruise, of Tunnel-ton, W. Va., and soon afterwards made their permanent home in Fairmont. His wife survives him with their nine children.

He was a member of the West Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and had served as its president and on the board of managers. He was also a life member of the Fairmont Lodge of Elks. His greatest happiness was in the home circle, and hospitality was the watchword of that home. Shady-side was known as a social center for young and old.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, U. D. C., was named in his honor, as was the William Haymond Chapter, D. A. R., named for his ancestor, Maj. William Haymond.

JOSEPH BROWN.

Joseph Brown, founder and active president of the Los Angeles Paper Manufacturing Company, and pioneer business man of the city, was fatally injured in an automobile accident in crossing the street on the 18th of February. He was ninety years of age, but still actively engaged in business.

Joseph Brown was born in Cecil County, Md., December 11, 1837, and in 1862 enlisted in Woodruff's Battery and fought throughout the War between the States under the Confederate flag. After the war he settled in Arkansas and engaged in the lumber business. The family removed to Los Angeles in December, 1899, and for many years he had taken a prominent place in the business life of the city.

Comrade Brown was twice married, and is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, also a stepdaughter.

KINCEN LEE HARALSON.

Kinchen Lee Haralson, last surviving member of the famous 44th Regiment, raised by Col. James Kent, of Selma, Ala., died there on January 25, after an illness of many months. He was the son of Col. William Browning and Susan Gordon Haralson, and was born in Lowndes County, Ala., on January 15, 1843. The family removed to Selma in 1859.

While a student at the University of Alabama, which he entered in 1861, K. L. Haralson was sent to Talladega to drill Confederate troops. He returned later to Selma and joined the 44th Regiment, leaving with that famous organization for Virginia in June, 1862. He took part in many famous engagements, among these being Malvern Hill, the second battle of Manassa, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, and Suffolk.

He was with Lee at Gettysburg, and was wounded in the second day's fighting. After a furlough in Selma, he returned to the front and was with Lee's army at the surrender at Appomattox.

Comrade Haralson married Miss Margaret Gilcrest, whose death occurred six years ago. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. A. Y. Dowell, of Hyattsville, Md., also a sister and two brothers. He was laid to rest in Live Oak Cemetery, at Selma.

COMRADES OF ALABAMA

The following members of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, Ala., have died since July, 1926: Spencer Adams, Company G, 6th Alabama Cavalry; T. V. Alvarez, Company C, 2nd Alabama Artillery; R. W. Atkinson, Company G, 21st Alabama Infantry; F. H. Hanley, Company B, 21st Alabama Infantry; F. C. Stone; W. B. Sykes, Company G, 8th Mississippi; Norman Durant, Company I, Wirt Adams's Cavalry; Samuel B. Brown, Green County Grays, 11th Alabama; J. H. Simmons, Company L, 21st Mississippi, T. W. Brunson, Company B, 13th Alabama, and Company A, 61st Alabama; Henry Brown, Company E, 2nd Battalion, Alabama State Artillery; R. J. Doak; R. A. Savage, Company A, 1st Battalion Alabama Cadets.

[T. E. Spotswood, Adjutant.]

W. E. THOMAS.

On the morning of February 9, W. E. Thomas, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Sharon, Tenn., answered a sudden call and put on immortality.

Though in his eighty-second year, he was still deeply interested in the affairs of his country and was awake to everything pertaining to the memory of his beloved Southland.

He volunteered his services for the Confederacy on April 27, 1863, and was enrolled as a private in Company F, 14th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under Gen. Bedford Forrest until the surrender. He participated in many skirmishes and battles and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., April 27, 1865.

Comrade Thomas was married to Miss Ruth Thomas, of Leaksville, N. C., in 1874, and shortly thereafter removed to Weakley County and became one of the pioneer citizens of Sharon. He was very active in the commercial interests of the town until his health failed him five years ago.

His wife died in 1876, and in 1893 he was married to Mrs. Mary Caldwell, of Hickman, Ky., who was a devoted companion to the end. Two daughters also survive him, and four grandchildren, also one brother, Walter Thomas, of Sharon.

Comrade Thomas professed faith in Christ and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he was a consistent member until death. After funeral services at the church, he was laid to rest in the Tansil Cemetery near Sharon.

COL. ROBERT S. HUDGINS, U. C. V.

Col. Robert S. Hudgins, late on the staff of General Freeman, U. C. V., died at the home of his son, Robert S. Hudgins, Jr., in Richmond, on February 28. He was born in Elizabeth City County, May 28, 1842, and at nineteen years of age he entered the service of his country as a member of the Old Dominion Dragoons. In the first year of the war the company was with General Magruder on the Virginia Peninsula and fought its first battle at Big Bethel. It was later, with other Virginia companies, formed into Company B, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, and continued with the cavalry corps until the close of the war at Appomattox.

Robert S. Hudgins served continuously from Bethel to Appomattox, and was commended for bravery several times—once, when he rescued the regimental colors from the enemy in battle, and again when he, with a small picket detail, at a ford on Hazel River, held a regiment of the enemy in check until their ammunition was exhausted. His death leaves only two survivors of his company, Capt. Jesse S. Jones, now ninety-two years old, but still quite active, and Private Keith Sinclair.

Comrade Hudgins was a charter member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., and attended the reunions regularly. He was at Tampa, Fla., last year.

Robert S. Hudgins returned to his home in Elizabeth City County after the war, where he engaged in farming at Chesterville, the old home of Chancellor George Wythe, until a few years before he died, when the family removed to Hampton and lived in the town until the death of Mrs. Hudgins. For the last few years, he made his home in Richmond with his son, Robert S. Hudgins, Jr. He is also survived by a stepson, Francis F. Causey, of Miami, Fla. He was a man of the highest integrity and widely popular with the citizens of this community.

EBENEZER C. ALEXANDER.

When taps sounded the night of March 1, for Ebenezer C. Alexander, at his home near Godwin, Tenn., the second of four brothers who distinguished themselves for valorous service during the War between the States ended a life of usefulness and service. A younger brother, Andrew Jackson Alexander, died a few months ago at his home in Columbia. The two surviving brothers are George Washington Alexander, of Trenton, Tenn., and Thomas Benton Alexander, of Thompson Station.

Ebenezer Alexander, ninety-one years of age, and affectionately known as "Uncle Eben," was remarkable for physical and mental alertness at his great age. Although nearing the century milestone, and having endured innumerable hardships during his experience, he could usually be found in a jubilant frame of mind and could "dance a jig" with more vigor than men many years his junior. He was a staunch Democrat, a man of strong convictions. He was the oldest of four brothers who had promptly enlisted in the Maury Artillery at the beginning of the war and served continuously throughout the conflict. At the battle of Fort Donelson, he sustained wounds that confined him to a hospital for several months, but was able to return to his comrades and remain until the end of the struggle. Fearless, courageous, and vigorous, his record as a soldier was an inspiration to his comrades. After receiving his honorable discharge, he returned to his home at Godwin and dedicated his energy to the reconstruction campaign, remaining there until his death. He was an interesting figure at the annual

reunion of the four brothers at the home of A. J. Alexander in Columbia, and although oldest of the four, he was one of most active and alert.

In addition to his two brothers, Comrade Alexander is survived by one son, a daughter, six grandchildren, and eight great grandchildren.

JOHN HENRY MAYS.

John H. Mays, affectionately known as "Uncle John," died at his home in Maysville, Okla., on October 11, 1926, after an invalidism of more than four years.

He was born in Tennessee on the 29th of January, 1845, and moved to Arkansas at an early age. As a boy in his teens, John Mays ran away from home to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy, and became a member of Company D, 12th Arkansas Regiment, and served under Price, Marmaduke and others, leaders of the Trans-Mississippi.

Throughout his life he had been devoted to the cause for which he fought, and was ever actively interested in his comrades of those days of war. His greatest pleasure seemed to be in meeting the "old boys," and talking of or rehearsing the days of the past when they marched under Lee and Jackson. He also enjoyed attending the reunions, and was always delighted when the VETERAN came, and would read it from "cover to cover." He was a member of the Chickasaw Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., Jack Hale, commander, and was appointed major and provost marshal of that brigade in September, 1920, but never was able to attend to the duties of this office.

Comrade Mays went to this part of Oklahoma in 1872, and was engaged in the cattle business and farming for a number of years. He was also postmaster for years at "Beef Creek" store, of which he was owner. After statehood and the incoming of the railroad the postoffice was changed to Maysville, as an honor to his family. He was married when nearly fifty-three years of age, to Miss Mary Ella Burnley at Erin Springs, Ind. Ter. He was converted when a boy, but was never affiliated with any Church. Those who knew him best think of him as one who looked up, not down; who looked forward, not backward and who was ever ready to lend a hand. As in war, so through all of his afflictions. He was ever brave and loyal to the truth. He was a loving and devoted husband and friend.

WILLIAM B. MINOR.

William Boling Minor, Confederate veteran and a retired lieutenant of the Baltimore Police Department, a highly respected citizen of Cecil County, died at his home at Leslie, Md., on February 20, in his eighty-third year.

William Minor was only fifteen years old when the War between the States broke out. He was enthusiastic about the cause of the South and joined the Confederate army as soon as possible, serving with the 57th Virginia regiment. With Pickett's Division, he saw action in several of the big engagements and took part in the famous charge at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded in the hand. At the evacuation of Gettysburg, he was taken prisoner, and it was while en route to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, with other prisoners, that peace was declared. Following his release, he remained in Baltimore, joined the police department, and served for twenty-five years, retiring with a grade of lieutenant, in which capacity he had served for fifteen years. After resigning from force in 1899, he removed to Leslie, where he had lived a retired life. His wife, who was Miss Anna S. Benjamin, survives him.

FRANCIS TEMPLE STUART.

Francis Temple Stuart was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., February 26, 1840, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. Simmons, in Franklinton, La., on the 29th of January, 1928, having passed into his eighty-eighth year.

He entered the preparatory department of Centenary College at Jackson, La., in 1855, and was there at the opening of the War between the States. He graduated in a class of eight in 1861, and was the last member of his class to survive.

Young Stuart laid aside the cap and gown to wear the Confederate gray, joining Company E in a regiment of Mississippi infantry, and for four long years he fought for his beloved South. On June 3, 1863, he was wounded at Cold Harbor, Va. After a short leave of absence, he returned to the front and there remained until he laid down his arms at Appomattox.

He was married to Miss Mary Eliza McElwee on November 22, 1866, from which union were born six sons and six daughters five of whom survive him. He was a man of sterling worth with a clear, accurate intellect, of great poise and integrity of character.

Comrade Stuart was a member of the Methodist Church all his life. He read the Bible through every year, and also was a daily student of the Scriptures. Like Abraham he set up an altar in his home and gave his boyhood, his youth, his young manhood and his old age to his Master. He served as a steward in the Methodist Church for some fifty years. A good father, a loving husband, "one of God's noblemen."

His wife, to whom he was married for sixty-one years, passed away five days before him, and her name was the last on his lips.

The Stars and Bars covered his casket, the beloved flag of his youth and age.

O. RICE

From report of the Memorial Committee of Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., the following is taken:

"Aged and worn after nearly ninety years of service, Comrade O. Rice has laid aside the habiliments of mortality and passed into life immortal. His death occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. S. Pierson, in Abilene, Tex., on February 15, and his body was taken back to the old home at The Point, in Rains County, and laid beside the beloved wife in dreamless rest.

"He was born in Tennessee on September 15, 1838, and the family removed to St. Clair County, Mo., before the War between the States. He enlisted in the State Militia under Sterling Price early in 1861, and in December the troops were discharged and reënlisted in the regular Confederate service. Comrade Rice was assigned to the Commissary Department, and there served to the close of the war. He had been highly educated, and after the war he made school teaching his profession. He went to Keytesville, Mo., then to Bentonville, Ark., and about 1874, he located at Donelson, in Hunt County, Tex., where he taught school. After that he located at The Point, in Rains County, and made that his home to the death of his wife some years ago.

"Comrade Rice was an honored and respected citizen wherever known, a sincere and devoted Christian, a member of the Methodist Church from childhood. He was also a member of the Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene. Patient and cheerful under his afflictions, he will be missed by a wide circle of friends and comrades. His work in behalf of educating the youth of the South will have its impress on the years to come.

[R. A. Miller, Commander; J. J. Robertson, Adjutant.]

COMRADES OF HENRY COUNTY, TENN.

Two comrades of this county have passed away since the last report:

James Lamb, Company K, 46th Tennessee Regiment, died near State Line, on the 21st of January. He was born November 25, 1837, and thus had passed the ninetieth milestone. He was a splendid soldier and citizen. His wife survives him with their four sons and two daughters.

Albert Mansfield Townsend, a devoted member of our Camp and a lifelong resident of Tennessee, died at the age of eighty-six years. He was born March 10, 1841, in Humphreys County, and moved to Henry County when quite young, and had spent the greater part of his life there. He joined the 14th Tennessee Regiment under Gen. George W. Gordon, was captured at the battle of Fort Donelson, held as a prisoner for seven months, and exchanged at Vicksburg. After that he was in all the engagements of his command, and most faithful to duty as a soldier always. He had been a devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church since his young manhood. He is survived by three sons, all of Henry County. [P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

C. C. BOYD.

Comrade C. C. Boyd, one of the leading citizens of Water Valley, Miss., passed away at his home there on January 21. He enlisted in Company G, 11th Mississippi Regiment, at Camp Jones, near the battle field of First Manassas, on August 9, 1861. He was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, on May 31, 1862, and was absent on account of wounds until the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, when he was wounded and captured. He was exchanged in time to participate in the battles of Bethesda Church, Weldon Railroad (two days), and Dobbs Ferry, October 1, 1864, where he was severely wounded in the left arm, causing permanent disability, and was never with the company any more.

He was a gallant soldier, a true and loving husband and father, a loyal member of the Methodist Church. I knew Comrade Boyd well, being in the same company during the War between the States, and can truly say that a good man, Christian citizen, and gallant soldier has passed into the great beyond. To his family he leaves the legacy of a good name and noble character.

[J. F. Dooley, Ben Duval Camp, Fort Smith, Ark.]

JAMES TICKELL DOWNS, SR.

After a short illness, James Tickell Downs, Sr., died at his home in Dallas, Tex., on March 5, 1928.

He was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., October 9, 1841, and enlisted in Company D, 21st Mississippi Regiment, in 1861. He was wounded first at the battle of Chancellorsville, and again at the battle of the Wilderness, losing his right leg and being taken prisoner. He was sent to a hospital in Washington, D. C., for eleven months, and then transferred to Point Lookout, and later to Elmira, N. Y., where he remained until the close of the war.

Returning to his native State after the war, he taught school awhile and then entered the University of Mississippi, where he graduated in 1869. In 1870, he removed to Dallas, Tex., where he spent the remainder of his life. He was engaged in the practice of law until recent years, and at one time was a representative in the Texas legislature from Dallas, and later served as county treasurer.

Comrade Downs is survived by his wife, one son, and two grandsons.

COL. WILLIAM D. MALONE.

The earthly life of Col. William D. Malone, more than ninety-six years, closed on January 29, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Honshell Johnson, at Catlettsburg, Ky. For many years he had been a leading figure in the business life of Carter County, Ky., and was ever one of its best-loved citizens.

William D. Malone was born in Kanawha County, Va. (now West Virginia), September 18, 1841, son of J. B. and Caroline Ward Malone, both of the finest pioneer families of Old Virginia. In 1870, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Ault, also a native of Kanawha County, and of their children four daughters survive him. The family removed to Ashland, Ky., in the early seventies and he later located at Grayson and was in business there with his father. Some twelve years ago, he and his wife removed to Catlettsburg to be with their children.



WILLIAM D. MALONE

Enlisting for the Confederacy at eighteen years of age, at Charleston, Va., young Malone served as a member of the Kanawha Riflemen, and later enlisted with the 22nd Virginia Infantry. He also served with distinction with the Signal Corps, and at the close of war he was acting aide to Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He was heralded for his bravery in action and had refused promotions from the ranks.

Colonel Malone was finely educated, possessed a brilliant mind, and was a delightful conversationalist. He was cultured, courteous, gallant, and gentle, and it was rare good fortune to know him. He was a consecrated Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, South, at Grayson, which he had been instrumental in building, devoted to its interests and a regular attendant on its services. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and an honorary member of Huntington Chapter U. D. C., and the John Milton Elliott Chapter of Catlettsburg, whose meetings he attended often.

Colonel Malone was a devoted husband and father, a man of the highest ideals, and he lived a useful and noble life. After the funeral services, his body was taken back to Grayson and laid beside the beloved wife in the cemetery there.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp Garrott, No. 277, U. C. V., of Marion, Ala., have died during the past year:

R. Q. Pryor, aged 84, Company D, 4th Alabama Infantry; J. T. M. Bailey, aged 82, Company K, 37th Georgia Infantry; William Edwards, aged 81, Company D, 62nd Alabama Infantry; James Morris, aged 84, Company K, 8th Alabama Infantry; Joe Hungerford, aged 84, Company C, 5th Texas Cavalry; J. A. Jones, aged 85, Company C, 5th Mississippi Infantry; A. J. Suther, aged 81, Company D, 62nd Alabama Infantry; Thomas Howell, aged 86; Company D, 43 Alabama Infantry; A. J. Evins, aged 81, Company D, 7th Alabama Cavalry.

[J. O. Bailey, *Adjutant*.]

JOHN W. NOYES.

John W. Noyes, ninety-one-year-old veteran of the Confederacy, died at his home in New Orleans, La., after six months of failing health. He had been treasurer for many years of the Louisiana Division of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, and treasurer of the Confederate Home of Louisiana. During the War between the States he served as a member of Fenner's battery.

Comrade Noyes went to New Orleans from New England when sailing vessels were the only means of making the trip. Two sisters survive him. The following lines were written "in affectionate memory of J. William Noyes (Uncle Will), who passed away February 15, 1928:

Slowly, slowly, sun is sinking,
Ere the darkness comes in place:
Slowly tired heart is beating,
Faint and wearied with the race.
As it struggles, and it falters,
Earthly lights are growing dim,
But lights of heaven glowing brighter,
Promise rest and peace with Him.
And a voice that spoke so gently,
Wafted down from heavenly dome
Bid the brave but tired spirit
Leave that worn-out earthly home.
So, as morning sun rays, gleaming,
Lighted up the eastern sky,
He, our gallant, worthy soldier,
Joined the ranks of those on high.
For the call that came so softly
That no other mortal heard,
Found that spirit pure and humble,
Ready—waiting for the word.
His poor body, frail and weakened,
We have laid beneath the sod
His loved memory we keep with us,
And his soul has gone to God.

MADISON LANIER.

The following is taken from an address on the life of Madison Lanier made by Adjutant H. C. Fallon at a meeting of Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex., on February 6:

Comrade Madison Lanier, who, on December 11, 1927, answered to the last roll call, was born in the State of Georgia, November 10, 1839. His youthful days and young manhood were spent on the farm, and he had received only the limited education as the common schools afforded at that time. When the War between the States came on, he enlisted as a private in Company B, 39th Georgia Infantry, and his service was in the Western Army. Though this service was in a measure limited to activities within his own State, he was of that class and temper as a soldier which became the mainstay of the army. He took his place in battle line with his comrades and remained with them in victory or defeat, on the march or in camp, enduring with patience and fortitude the ills and sufferings of soldier life.

As a citizen, Comrade Lanier was without reproach; as a neighbor, the golden rule was his guide. He was a devout member of the Missionary Baptist Church, faithful, consistent, and tolerant in his views; as husband and father, he was true and devoted, kind and considerate; as a member of Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., he was truly loyal, taking a quiet interest in all of its affairs, and his presence is sadly missed.

JAMES ORVAL HALL.

James O. Hall was born January 25, 1846, in Catoosa County, Ga., near Ringgold, but in 1855 his parents removed to Walker County. He joined the Confederate army August 23, 1862, and was captured on the 29th of June, 1863, and taken to Rock Island, Ill., where he was held until July 21, 1864. He served with Company E, 3rd Confederate Cavalry, of Wheeler's command.

Returning home to Pond Springs, Ga., in July, 1865, he went to Texas in August and remained for twelve months. He then went back to Georgia, and in September, 1868, was married to Miss Mary E. Davis, whose plantation home was known at that time as Davis Crossroads, but which is now Kinsington, Ga. On the 20th of September the young couple left for the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, which is now Oklahoma, and where they finished out their earthly journey. To them were born two sons and two daughters, the daughters only surviving them.

Comrade Hall was taken into the Presbyterian Church in Georgia as a little child. He was nearly sixteen when he joined the Confederate army, but he joined the Methodist Church, South, a year or so before his death, that being the Church of his wife and daughter, Miss Jane Patton Hall, whose home is at Vinita, Okla. He had been a cattle man, farmer, and banker, for many years, having been a stockholder and director in the bank at Vinita and several others over the State. He had large holdings near Baird, Tex., known as the J. H. Ranch. He was the last survivor of the Masonic Lodge at this Vinita. His death occurred on — and there was wide sorrow over the passing of one who was known for his interest in the human family, for his kindly disposition, and other traits which endeared him to a large circle of friends.

JAMES R. BRASELTON.

Death came suddenly to James R. Braselton in the late afternoon of February 1, at Weatherford, Tex. He had worked for many years as county surveyor, and it was amid the surroundings of his daily labors that he passed away. Genial and friendly, he had made friends among all ages and all classes, and the passing of "Uncle Jim" was widely regretted.

James R. Braselton was born in Georgia, December 22, 1847. Though below the military age, when war came on in 1861, he joined the 12th Georgia Cavalry and gave good service as a soldier, during which he was severely wounded in the head, which permanently injured his hearing. The cause of the Confederacy was ever dear to him.

Comrade Braselton went to Texas, and to Parker County, in 1870, and that had since been his home. He was twice married, first to Miss Laura Hackett, in Jackson County, Ga., and to them a daughter and two sons were born. His second wife was Mrs. Rogers, of Pendergrass, Ga., and a daughter was born of this union, with whom he had made his home for some time. His wife and a son preceded him in death. He is also survived by three brothers and two sisters.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.—Mrs. Mary C. Stribling, of Elkins, W. Va., writes: "We lost our oldest veteran on February 28, Dr. James Whann McSherry, on whom we bestowed the Stone Mountain gold medal—'Living Veteran Medal'—December 17, 1927, his ninety-fourth birthday. We miss him, our beloved physician, 'Dr. Jim.'"

T. P. FITZ.

At the age of eighty-six years, T. P. Fitz died at his home in Des Arc, Mo., on January 6 and his beloved companion of many years followed him just five days later. They were both highly respected citizens of Iron County, Mo., and were very happy together in their late years, often reviewing together the days of the sixties.

Comrade Fitz went to Missouri from Richmond, Va., in 1867, with fourteen other ex-Confederates who had served under Lee and Jackson. He had served with Company I, Pickett's Division, and was in the famous charge at Gettysburg. He was a member of the Baptist Church at Des Arc for thirty years, and served as deacon for twenty years.

Under the flag which he had loved and served so faithfully, and wearing on his breast the Cross of Honor bestowed by the Daughters of the Confederacy, he was laid to rest. Three sons and six daughters survive him.

"HEART STILL IN DIXIE."

Comrade Stephens, of Center, Ala., has been hearing widely from his article in the VETERAN for March, and also receiving visits from some who read it. Incidentally, he has been interesting these visitors in the VETERAN, and has sent in several subscriptions. The following is a letter he received from Mrs. Mary McDonald Wilson, of Newark, Dela., who thought he might have served with her father. She writes:

"In reading your article on war experiences in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I was reminded of my father's talks to me of his war experiences as a Confederate soldier. My memory is not clear as to just what battles he was in, but as he was with Company K, 1st Confederate Cavalry Regiment, Wheeler's Cavalry command, Army of Tennessee, and I just wondered if you and he had ever been together in the fights you wrote of. I know he was in those engagements around Chattanooga and Knoxville. He was sergeant of his company, and was often sent on scout duties by his captain. Your experiences reminded me of my father's, and the names of the fights he took part in were familiar to me. His company was in North Carolina at the time of the surrender. His name was George Lafayette McDonald, of McDonald's Gap, Tenn. (I think he was often called Fayette McDonald, or 'Fate' as they pronounced it). He had two brothers in the service, W. Press McDonald and Houston McDonald, who was killed in some of those engagements. My father has been dead twenty-two years. I am a U. D. C. member, and take a great interest in everything concerning the South and our Southern cause. I have often wished to know of his old comrades who knew him. I remember he had a negro servant named Dan, who went with him until he was captured. I enjoyed reading your article so much. I am living north of the Mason and Dixon Line, have been for twelve years, but my heart is still in Dixie."

NOT INCLINED TO CELEBRATE.—Responding to a telegram from *Collier's Weekly* as to what preparations had been made at the capital of Mississippi to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the *Jackson News* sent this: "None whatever. Neither have we arranged to celebrate the burning of Jackson, the fall of Vicksburg, or the surrender at Appomattox. Please advise us what plans are being made in New York City for the next celebration of the anniversary of Jefferson Davis."—Sent by Capt. James Dinkins, New Orleans.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
186 Bethlehem Pike

MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss. *Third Vice President General*

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MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
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MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Registrar General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Our Past President General, Mrs. Lawton, once compared the organization U. D. C. with its numerous Chapters, to a mighty tree and its many branches. There could be no more appropriate comparison; as a small plant is carefully tended, our association in the early days was nurtured and watched, and sometimes, we fear, watered with the tears of those women to whom we owe our existence.

As the years have passed, the "tree" has grown strong and vigorous, with wide-spreading branches reaching to thirty-eight States of the Union, and with one exceedingly long branch touching with its tip the fair land of France.

Fruit is borne in abundance, in goodly deeds of benevolence, caring for the widow as well as educating the fatherless, and in many other accomplishments of the organization in the thirty-four years of its growth. If this were all, far-reaching, varied, and praiseworthy as are the results of the activities in benevolence and education—if this were all, this association would be nothing more than an educational foundation or a benevolent organization.

But that which gives life and strength and vitality to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, that which permeates every Chapter, which is as the sap to the tree, is the eternal righteousness of the principles upon which the organization is founded, those principles which actuated the colonists at Jamestown, as they praised God on that May morning in 1607, that inspired Thomas Jefferson as he wrote the Declaration of Independence, the principles for which our Fathers fought and which we claim to be self-evident.

Whatever demands made upon the Chapters, whatever business it becomes necessary to consider in Chapter meetings, we earnestly beg that the historical program may never be omitted; in addition to the program printed in the VETERAN the Historian General has furnished each Chapter President with a copy of the program for this year.

Among the many publications of the year, "The Pageant of America" will probably occupy a prominent place. At our request, Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, who continues his interest in the historical department of the organization, writes as follows: "The Pageant of America is a most ambitious, successful, and comprehensive effort to incorporate in a set of fifteen volumes a veritable picture gallery of American achievement, not merely in the political or governmental field, but in every line of endeavor—social, sectional, State, Federal, biographical, artistic, documentary, industrial, and all others. Adequate and illuminating narrative and descriptive matter accompanies each picture to make a connected story from

the visit of the vikings to the present day. Eight volumes have appeared, and the remainder are in process of preparation. The finished volumes were put on exhibition at the Charleston convention, and, as far as known, they enlisted the admiration of all who saw them. Each volume is prepared under the direction of historians whose presentation is in turn, under the review of others, including member of the advisory council. Yale University Press has been working steadily in preparing "The Pageant of America" for over seven and a half years, and will complete the work this year. The capital cost of preparing the work will be about \$350,000, exclusive of manufacturing.

To-day, when every village, however small, has its moving picture theater, when it is recognized that more vivid and lasting impressions are made through pictures than the written word, the Yale Photo Films come as a great benefit to our organization and a peculiar blessing to those localities in which Chapters of Children of the Confederacy exist or are being organized. As planned, these films are to be thirty-three in number and cover the period from the discovery of America to Appomattox. Fifteen of the films have been released; the remaining eighteen are filed with scenarios already finished or else in process of creation. Among the first group is the photo-drama, "Lee and the Confederacy," which Dr. Andrews was asked to prepare and which will be projected on the screen with the final eighteen.

The fifteen completed films listed at the close of this letter may be procured from the business office of the Yale University Press, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, at a reasonable cost per film. Literature describing each of the films may be obtained from the address here given.

It is particularly important to remember that these films are primarily historical and educational rather than commercial. They are intended to take less than one hour each and are well adapted to historical courses in universities, colleges, and schools. Several of them, notably Vincennes and Dixie, have been shown by U. D. C. Chapters in various ways, sometimes in the form of a free entertainment, often with a view to raising funds for a worthy cause. The only criticism that has found its way into my hands that was not favorable has been that one film was too short for an evening's program; two might be used for one occasion, or the program might be appropriately lengthened by the introduction of Southern melodies. This also presents an opportunity for interesting the older members of the Children's Chapter and teaching them the period songs of the South; but let the words be *accurate*, and not a modernized version.

Probably there are others as good, but we have seen no more complete and accurate collection of Southern songs than

that contained in "Echoes from Dixie," compiled by Mrs. Griff Edwards, leader of the Confederate Choir, and edited by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews.

At the Charleston convention, Mrs. Robinson, chairman of "Women of the South in War Times," reported 1,695 copies of the book remaining on the shelves, with twenty-two divisions having purchased their quota, or exceeding it, and sixteen divisions with pledges unfulfilled. The Houston convention, in November, will be the tenth held since the compilation of this book was authorized, Louisville, Ky., May, 1919. Let us make this occasion a *real* anniversary by anabing the chairman to report the enterprise completed.

The delay in disposing of the volumes, the insistence necessary to procure their disposal minimizes the historical value of the book. It may be that we have never realized its value. Much of the contents has been familiar to us since childhood; the incidents are the stories which our mothers told us in infancy, and while we appreciate it from the standpoint of sentiment, to us it is not the important historical production it is to those less familiar with the incidents related. A letter recently received by Mrs. Robinson from an English school-teacher expresses "appreciation and pleasure" from its reading. She states that she found the book "absorbingly interesting," that the "material from which it is compiled is wonderful, and that it is put together so admirably that it doesn't seem like patchwork, which it so easily might have become." We wish that a copy of the book might be placed in every library and school in the North, and that it might be made accessible to those abroad. With a concerted effort on the part of individuals and Chapters in divisions that have not completed their quota and the purchase of one copy by each Chapter in divisions whose quota is complete, the convention of 1928 would mark the cancelling of this responsibility of ten years' duration.

The Executive Committee will meet in Little Rock, Ark., May 7, 1928, Hotel Marion, 10 A.M., the day prior to the opening ceremonies of the Confederate reunion, May 8.

In order that the Department of Reference created by the convention in Charleston last November might function effectively, it was found necessary for the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Roy McKinney, to have some special information from the War Department relative to Confederate records. This information was not obtainable by correspondence. The President General joined Mrs. McKinney in Washington, March 6, the desired information was obtained, and, while there, a number of interviews were held with various officials and others interested in the Arlington Memorial Bridge. The desire of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to have part in this enterprise, through the Arlington Approach Committee, appointed by authority of the convention, Savannah, 1924, was emphasized and a most sympathetic hearing accorded Mrs. McKinney and the President General.

Accompanied by Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Armstrong, a friend of Mrs. Gorgas, the President General, on March 7, presented to Mrs. Gorgas the Cross of Military Service awarded Gen. William C. Gorgas by the Richmond convention, 1926. Mrs. Gorgas accepted the Cross in words of the deepest appreciation, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, told of the devotion of General Gorgas to his heroic father, Gen. Josiah Gorgas, C. S. A.

Mrs. Gorgas will place her husband's Cross with the many other decorations received by him in the Gorgas case in the Smithsonian Institution, where it will bear everlasting testimony of the appreciation of the United Daughters of the

Confederacy for this most distinguished son of the South of America, and of the world.

"Brave men beget brave men," the motto of the Cross.
Cordially. MAUDE MERCHANT.

List of Completed Films.—Columbus, The Declaration of Independence, Wolfe and Montcalm, Jamestown, The Eve of the Revolution, Dixie, Alexander Hamilton, Peter Stuyvesant, The Gateway of the West, The Pilgrims, The Puritans, The Frontier Woman, Yorktown, Vincennes, Daniel Boone.

TO DIVISION PRESIDENTS.

SELMA, ALA., February 24, 1928.

Dear President: The committee appointed by the Alabama Division, U. D. C., to raise funds to erect a memorial to mark the site of the great Confederate arsenal and ordnance works in Selma, Ala., presents to you its proud claim that Selma stood second only to Richmond in the manufacture of war materials of all kinds for the Confederacy, and the committee wishes to emphasize this claim as worthy of your consideration, knowing that with the coöperation of all the Chapters U. D. C. this memorial will be one of the great landmarks of the South.

In 1862, Commodore Fairfax was appointed by Hon. Leroy Pope Walker, Secretary of War for the Confederacy, to seek a suitable location for the government's war factories, and, after a careful survey, Selma, Ala., was selected because of its natural advantages, located on the Alabama River, well supplied with railroad connections, and near great coal beds and iron deposits; and thus, with five hundred thousand dollars, the great Confederate ordnance works was established.

In May, 1863, Captain Catesby ap R. Jones, of Virginia (Merrimac) fame, was placed in command of the ordnance works, and Col. James White was stationed at the arsenal. Large battle ships were built here, the Tennessee, Gaines, Morgan, and others. Large cannon and smaller ammunition, cartridge boxes, gun caps, wagons, caissons for carrying ammunition, friction primers by the millions, harness—indeed, everything was made here for the soldier in the field from a horse shoe nail to a cannon carriage. Over three thousand men and one thousand women and children, whose fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts were fighting on the Southern battle fields, were employed in these vast works, besides great numbers in the city.

The chimneys from the fifteen factories belched fire to the zenith, muskets poured forth from the doorways by the thousands. Great guns were rolled out to be loaded on trains for the front, bales of clothing and cartridges were piled on cars, and day after day long trains rolled into the city, paused with engines puffing with all the eagerness of hounds to be on their thundering way through the Southland amid the cheers and waving of flags from field and farm, and on and on to the lines of battle to disgorge and return.

Those who think of Selma as a city of peace and plenty should learn the experiences through which she passed during the War between the States. On Sunday afternoon, April 2, 1865, Gen. James Wilson, with fifteen thousand troops, just after a severe engagement outside the city, entered Selma to destroy the Confederate ordnance works. Amid the yells of his raiders, the clank of the horses' hoofs, the glare of the flames of exploding ammunition, the work of awful destruction went on, and Selma emerged a blackened wreck. Words fail to tell of the indignities the people suffered.

On the southern boundary of Selma, on a high bluff overlooking the Alabama River, is the site of the old arsenal; phoenixlike, from its ashes have sprung many beautiful homes. "Lest we forget," let us go forward with the zeal of crusaders and resolve that with the assistance of every Chapter of the U. D. C. we will build a memorial at "Arsenal Place," now a beautiful residence district, which, like Bunker Hill, will represent such a spirit of patriotism that as long as a descendant of these Southern heroes lives, his heart will thrill with pride for the cause for which it was erected.

This is Alabama's first appeal to the U. D. C., and the committee urges each Chapter to sponsor the Arsenal Memorial by the gift of \$5, and thus make this a great undertaking for the entire organization.

Send your gift to Mrs. J. A. Embry, Ashville, Ala., treasurer of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.

Faithfully yours,

Mesdames Mary Kent Fowlkes, Chairman Selma Memorial; R. B. Broyles, President, Alabama Division; L. M. Bashinsky, Recording Secretary General; C. S. McDowell, ex-President Alabama Division; B. B. Ross, Chairman Alabama Division Historic Spots and Events.

Indorsed by the President General, U. D. C.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—The Canebrake Rifles Guard Chapter, of Uniontown, held its meeting in February at the home of Mrs. Sam Morgan, "Cedar Grove." The place was peculiarly fitting for such a meeting, being one of the few remaining ante-bellum homes in its original colonial architecture, which was originally the home of Mims Walker, father of Mrs. Morgan, and has been kept in an excellent state of preservation both as to its interior decoration and furnishings.

The meeting was one of the most delightful of a series. "The Literature of the South before 1860" was the topic of study, which brought out the fact that in Northern magazines the number of Southern writers far exceeded those of the the North, and that the South was prolific in the fields of literature. Roll call was answered with a historic event incident to the Confederacy.

The William Henry Forney Chapter, of Anniston, held an unusually interesting meeting with a special program in memory of three illustrious Virginians whose birthdays occur in the month of January—Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Matthew Fontaine Maury. There was large attendance, and the Confederate veterans were guests of honor.

At the February meeting of the Sophia Bibb Chapter, of Montgomery, reports were given by officers and heads of committees. Mrs. Nettie Puckett, Historian, announced that she is compiling a record, and requested that pictures and biographical sketches of Presidents of the Chapter be contributed.

Report of the organization of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, junior auxiliary to Sophia Bibb, was made, and Mrs. Belle Allen Ross was named Director.

Ten dollars additional was donated to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Foundation. Mrs. Percy Hufham gave a talk on Gen. James Clanton which was of historical interest.

[Mrs. C. W. Danzette, Jacksonville.]

* * *

Arkansas.—The T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, held one of its most enthusiastic, patriotic meetings, in February, the occasion being the celebration of the birthday of the general for whom the Chapter is named. The meeting

was in the home of Mrs. M. M. Hawkins, a daughter of General Churchill and the old Southern mansion, with its wonderful library, antique furniture, and priceless paintings was a fitting background for the assemblage gathered to do honor to one of Arkansas's noted cavalymen.

Many of the guests were in costume of the sixties, and a number of veterans from the Confederate Home in their uniforms of gray gave color and character to the scene.

The chairman of the day, Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, who has long worn the honored title of our "Confederate Poet Laureate," had prepared a splendid program. The address by our State President, Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, aroused enthusiastic pride, and there were many reminiscences of the time of General Churchill's activities in our State, back in 1862-63. A fitting climax to this occasion was an original poem by our gifted chairman.

This Chapter is very active, and the Ann Sevier Chapter, C. of C., named for General Churchill's wife, sponsored by this Chapter, is running a close race with the Margaret Rose C. of C., sponsored by the Memorial Chapter, all of Little Rock.

The activities of these young people is inspiring to the older ones.

[Mrs. William Stillwell.]

* * *

Florida.—The birthday anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee was observed in Florida by every Chapter, U. D. C., and by the State generally with unusually elaborate programs. Many fine addresses were given on the life of General Lee, his presidency of Washington and Lee University and his educational interests for the young men being stressed. The President of the Division, Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, sent out through the Associated Press an article on the achievements of General Lee and his Christian character.

Group meetings are held in the different districts of the Division, which are of great benefit to the Chapters: Jacksonville's four Chapters entertained the Division president at an elaborate luncheon, at which she gave an inspirational and constructive address for the advancement of the U. D. C. Lake City, Stonewall Chapter, entertained the Woodrow Wilson Chapter, of High Springs, and Newnansville Chapter, of Alachua, at a splendid gathering, when the president again addressed them. On the 15th of March, Annie Coleman Chapter, Orlando, held a group meeting of their nearest neighboring Chapters, which were, Wade Hampton, Oviedo; N. deV. Howard, Sanford; Florence Collier, Apopka; Essie Petrie Caldwell, Kissimmee; Confederate Gray, Leesburg. At this large gathering the president gave an address on the "The Obligations of Citizenship."

Florida history and Florida books and writers are on all of the Chapter programs for the year 1928. To know our own State's history is expressing State loyalty.

* * *

Louisiana.—The military records of Confederate soldiers of Louisiana, compiled by the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., with Gen. A. B. Booth as commissioner, are being put into book form by the State of Louisiana at the request of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C. The collection is being filed with the Secretary of State pending general distribution.

Ruston Chapter is beginning another year of the study of Confederate history and literature, the subject being, "Lives and Works of Southern Writers Who Served the Confederacy." Those considered at the January meeting were Thomas Lowndes Snead, author of "The Fight for Missouri," and Gen. Richard Taylor, with the reading of that exquisite tribute to Lee from his "Destruction and Reconstruction."

Joanna Waddill and Henry Watkins Allen Chapters, of Baton Rouge, are planning to mark historic spots. The first to be dedicated (April 6) is on the old Louisiana State University grounds, where the U. S. barracks were turned over to Gov. T. O. Moore, January 11, 1861.

Joanna Waddill Chapter, on March 3, complimented the Children of the Confederacy by being present at their business session, and having games and refreshments afterwards. Henry Watkins Allen Chapter members were invited guests.

Natchitoches Chapter is very busy now enlarging its library.

Mrs. A. A. Anding, president Jefferson Davis Highway Association of Louisiana, is receiving gifts of markers from some of the parish police juries along the highway.

[Mary Graham, Editor.]

* * *

Maryland.—Presided over by Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, President, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, held a well-attended meeting on February 21, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Division President, being present. The speaker of the occasion was Mr. Charles Lee Lewis, professor at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Dominant traits in the character and the career of Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas," was sketched in a masterly manner, presenting a summary both instructive and of intense interest. A musical program was also greatly enjoyed.

The annual entertainment given by the State Board was held on February 2 under the able leadership of the Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, and the proceeds netted nearly \$500. The semiannual meeting of the U. D. C. will be held March 22, at Annapolis, Md., with the William H. Murray Chapter, of Anne Arundel County, as hostess.

The activities of the Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter have been somewhat curtailed by the serious illness of its most capable President, Mrs. James W. Westcott.

The patriotic societies of Baltimore filled Emmanuel Church, on Sunday, February 19, in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, first President of these United States.

The U. D. C.'s, with their much-beloved banner, attended in a body.

This month the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter held a very successful card party. At a special meeting, Mrs. F. P. Canby read letters confirming Hagerstown as the birthplace of Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South, and expressed the hope that Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter would some day erect a monument in honor of this gifted son of the South.

[Marion Lee Holmes.]

* * *

Missouri.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Springfield, had the honor of entertaining Mrs. Charles Breckenridge Faris, President of Missouri Division, U. D. C., during January, and of having her as guest of honor at the annual memorial to Jackson and Lee. A trip to the School of the Ozarks was a feature of her visit, at which time the Robert E. Lee Scholarship was established at this school.

The date of organization of the Maj. John L. Owen Chapter, of Monroe City, was celebrated with a birthday party at the home of Mrs. D. R. Davenport. A large birthday cake bearing twenty-two candles, graced the dining table. This very active Chapter of forty-five members feels that this party marked the opening of another successful year.

The five Kansas City Chapters entertained with their annual "Breakfast" on January 23, in honor of the members of the Board of Missouri Division, a meeting of the Board following the breakfast.

The 22nd of February was a very happy occasion for the veterans and women at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mrs. Virginia Garrett Duggins, who is Missouri's first woman member on the Board at the Home, and also a member of the committee of "The Men and Women of the Sixties of the U. D. C." never forgets the "boys" and "girls" at the Home, who always appreciate the many delightful programs she arranges for them.

A Martha Washington Tea was the feature of this entertainment. Miss Helen Berkeley brought greetings from the State Board of Missouri Division, and members of the Confederate Home Chapter, of Higginsville, helped to present a musical program.

[Helen Elizabeth Berkeley.]

* * *

North Carolina.—During the months of April and May, the Division President, Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, will attend the seventeen district conventions to be held throughout the State.

In the Division's "Calendar" for 1928, the President has set aside April for special historical activities. North Carolina Daughters are greatly interested in the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, and deem it a privilege to honor the name of the Confederacy's only President by contributing to this fund.

In April the Division will stress the placing of flags and portraits in schools, collecting books for foreign libraries, and relics for the North Carolina room in the Richmond Museum.

In accordance with the resolution of the Charleston convention that the U. D. C. place mementoes and records of Women of the Sixties in the National Red Cross Museum at Washington City, this Division during April is urged to send such reminders of the sixties to Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville, who will forward these to the Red Cross Museum.

The Division has a fine historical prize list of essays for both the Daughters and the Children of the Confederacy. Many high school pupils will strive for the \$200 scholarship offered for the best essay on Jefferson Davis. The Asheville Chapter is offering five dollars in gold to each of the twenty-five high schools in Buncombe County for essays on various Confederate subjects, and many other Chapters are offering local prizes.

The very attractive historical "Calendar," with a list of prizes, which has been prepared and distributed by the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, should be of real value to the Chapters as it outlines historical topics of study.

The J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Fayetteville, gave as a recent historical program an original contest of Confederate Generals of North Carolina, the answers being a play on the name of each. Hostesses at this meeting were dressed in costumes of the sixties, and old-time fiddlers enlivened the meeting with Confederate tunes.

The Chapters throughout the Division emphasize the singing of the old Confederate songs and the State song, "Carolina."

The Fayetteville Chapter is especially active just now in collecting old letters, pamphlets, and newspapers of the Confederate period for the North Carolina collection of the University library at Chapel Hill.

The North Carolina Division is to see a long-cherished dream realized, the erecting of a monument to North Carolina's soldiers at Gettysburg. The last legislature of the State appropriated \$50,000 for this monument, the North Carolina Division U. D. C. having previously raised \$10,000.

The Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter, at Raleigh, on January 14, celebrated with a delightful party (and presents) the birthdays of three of the veterans at the Confederate Home. These were Capt. William Francis Drake, P. H. Clayton, and J. F. Harrison. Captain Drake is the only surviving Confederate who was on the Virginia (Merrimac) in the famous battle with the Monitor, and has resided at the Home longer than any other veteran. He gave a thrilling story of the great sea battle. Old Confederate tunes were given by Comrade Wiley P. Johnson on the flute; he is the only survivor of North Carolina's famous Drum Corps.

Mrs. Charles M. Wallace, chairman of the Committee for the Memorial Chapel for the Confederate Women's Home at Fayetteville, expects to let the contract for this building during April. The first contributions for the chapel fund was from the old ladies themselves, who gave the sum of \$125 from the sale of fancy work made by their trembling old hands. Gifts of \$500 each have been made to the chapel fund by two devoted members of the Division, Mrs. T. E. Sprunt, of Wilmington, in memory of her mother, Mrs. William Parsley, founder of the North Carolina Division, and Mrs. E. S. Clayton, of Asheville, in memory of her mother, Mrs. P. W. Roberts, another heroic widow of the Confederacy. Children's Chapters will give the furniture for the chancel of the chapel.

Another undertaking for the early spring is the restoration of the grave and monument of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew. This sacred spot, in a remote section of the State, has been invaded by vandals and relic hunters, and a committee is planning to restore the monument and place an iron fence around the plot. The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter, of Raleigh, has given \$100 toward this, and all Chapters of the Division will gladly contribute toward restoring the tomb of one of North Carolina's most distinguished heroes.

Plans for the beautifying of the Jefferson Davis Highway are being brought before the Chapters by Mrs. R. P. Holt, State Director. This great Memorial passes through a fine section of North Carolina, and crêpe myrtle trees along the route will make it a thing of beauty.

It is with great rejoicing that the North Carolina Division records the reorganization of the Southern Stars Chapter, at Lincolnton, with Mrs. L. A. Crowell as the new President.

In the calendar for 1928, sent out by the President, Mrs. Woodard, March is set as the time for a membership drive. Chapters failing to add new members each year are not doing their full duty.

The route of the Dixie Highway through North Carolina has now been marked by five "Lee Markers," a bronze tablet (set in a bowlder) of General Lee on Traveller, the die being the property of this Division. Several more of these beautiful markers will soon be placed along the North Carolina Line. Florida has already erected a marker and Ohio and Tennessee are planning to erect theirs during the coming year. In order to visualize the meaning of this marker, Mrs. J. M. Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, chairman of this committee, has had artistic cards made on which is the picture of the Lee Marker and an epic in prose, "Is There Still a Dixie," by George M. Bailey, of the *Houston Post*. These will be sent to Presidents of Divisions along the route of the Dixie Highway.

The North Carolina Daughters are intensely interested in the bill recently introduced in Congress by the North Carolina delegation to make the battle field of Bentonville a mil-

itary park. The marking with a bowlder of this battle field by the North Carolina Division last September has emphasized the importance of this battle field, where the miles of breast-works are still preserved, reminders of that bloody conflict of March 19-22, 1864, when many soldiers of the Southern States were in conflict with Sherman's army.

There was a beautiful manifestation of the Christmas spirit at this happy season in this Division, the Chapters engaging in the work of giving good cheer and happiness to the veterans and "Girls of the Sixties." There were post card showers, baskets of fruits and flowers, and boxes "full of Christmas" were given to ante-bellum slaves. There was a beautiful Christmas tree at the Confederate Home, and even the County Homes had good things sent in.

* * *

Oklahoma.—The Tulsa Chapter gave a turkey dinner to the Confederate veterans of Tulsa County and to the wives and widows of veterans in the dining hall of the American Legion Hut, which was attractively decorated for the occasion with flags and flowers.

The veterans made short talks, and Baxter Taylor, formerly of Tennessee, gave the address of the occasion. The members of Tulsa Chapter who served the dinner, were afforded great pleasure in thus bringing a bit of sunshine into the lives of these faithful men of the gray.

Another luncheon was given by the Tulsa and Clement A. Evans Chapters to the United Daughters of the Confederacy who were attending the State Federation of Women's Clubs that met in this city in the fall.

On the 19th of January, Mrs. W. T. Brady opened her spacious colonial home to the Tulsa Chapter for an evening's entertainment in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Music, readings, an address by Rev. C. M. Reves, the introduction of veterans present, the serving of delightful refreshment, and the singing of old songs, combined to make a memorable occasion to all.

Our regular meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month and are well attended. Our President, Mrs. W. E. Sexton, is very faithful and untiring in her duties.

[Mrs. John L. Smiley, Historian.]

* * *

Virginia.—In November, Lee Chapter, of Richmond, placed on the Jefferson Davis Highway a bowlder constructed of beautiful blue Virginia granite, in memory of the beloved and heroic Confederate ancestors of its membership. The exercises were most impressive. The oration was delivered by Judge Frank A. Sutton, and the unveiling was by Messrs. Erasmus G. Tyler and John R. Tyree, two Confederate veterans. The singing of several Confederate songs added to the impressiveness of the occasion.

More recently, Lee Chapter has established the Jennie Gunn Ball Student Loan Fund at William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., with a nucleus of one hundred dollars, and with the intention to make this a five-hundred-dollar fund in the near future.

Lee Chapter is also making arrangements for marking fifty Confederate graves in three cemeteries of Richmond, with the iron cross on Memorial Day.

[Mrs. A. S. J. Williams, Correspondent.]

* * *

Arkansas.—The Chapter at Helena has lost a valued member in the death of Mrs. Algena F. Fitzpatrick, widow of the late Brig. Gen. Louis A. Fitzpatrick, which occurred on December 8, 1927. She leaves a heritage of good deeds and an influence in her community that will not pass away.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topics for April.

Ballads of Your Section.

C. of C. Program for April.

Make a study of the city of Norfolk, Va.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

THE SAM DAVIS HOME CHAPTER, U. D. C.

An outstanding feature of the Middle District Convention, of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., held in Murfreesboro on December 9, 1927, was the organization of the Sam Davis Home Chapter, with twenty charter members, and its first meeting was held on March 5, at the home of Mrs. Carlyle Felder, in Smyrna, with a full attendance and with applications for nine more memberships presented. Mrs. Medea Davis Sinnott, a niece of Sam Davis, is the President. The reports of officers given at this meeting brought out the great object of the Chapter, the preservation and developing of the Sam Davis home as a shrine, a tribute to one whose integrity and loyalty to duty will go down as the finest type of bravery brought out by the War between the States.

It will be remembered that this old Davis home place has been acquired by the State and will be made into a museum and park.

The letter which Sam Davis wrote to his mother in the last moments of his life will be framed and hung on the wall of the room in which he had knelt at her knee while they prayed together before he went out on his death mission, and the home will again be furnished as nearly as possible as it was in the days when Sam Davis lived there. Much of the old furniture is being recovered, given gladly to be replaced in the home, and other furnishing of the same type and period is also being secured, and it will be a typical home of the well-to-do farmers of the South, who were, and are, the backbone of the commonwealth, the keepers of her covenant to preserve State Rights, individual liberty, and the highest type of democratic government.

The motto of the Chapter is the immortal words of Sam Davis: "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

The Chapter will hold a bazaar in the fall, at which they will offer for sale old-fashioned samplers of the Sam Davis home surrounded by the tea rose, the Chapter flower, with the motto wrought below.

The tea rose was chosen as the Chapter flower because that rose was planted by the mother of Sam Davis at the window on which he tapped that fateful night—and it is still growing there; and the lilac bushes and Confederate jasmine will be planted where they used to grow.

IN MEMORIAM—MRS. AUGUSTINE T. SMYTHE.

(Resolutions passed by the Charleston Chapter No. 4, U. D. C. upon the death of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe.)

On January 10, 1928, there passed from earth into the great beyond, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe (Louisa Cheves McCord), the first President of the Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., a woman in every way typical of the Old South, of which she was a true representative. Living up to all its traditions, she has left her impress strongly on all who knew her. She was an embodiment of that womanly graciousness so seldom cultivated now, and by each and all who knew her her charm of manner was felt. Overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," her heart and sympathies went out to all the trials of those less fortunate, wherever they were found. The thought always seemed uppermost, "Is there anything I can do to help?" all of which was done in the most unobtrusive way.

Upon the founding of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., on the 17th of November, 1894, Mrs. Smythe was unanimously elected President and served in that capacity until 1901, when she resigned.

In May, 1896, in accordance with U. D. C. rules, there then being the requisite number of Chapters in the State, upon the call of the new Chapters, Charleston, the Mother Chapter, sent representatives to Columbia to those from the new Chapters and formed the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., with Mrs. Smythe as President. This office she held for one year, and although urged to keep it, she resigned in 1897.

In 1903, at the general convention U. D. C., held at Charleston, she was elected President General, presiding at St. Louis, Mo., in 1904, the eleventh convention of the general organization.

In 1907, Mrs. Smythe was again elected President of the Charleston Chapter, resigning after having served four years.

In all the positions she most ably filled, Mrs. Smythe preserved the dignity and culture of the true gentlewoman, thus gaining the affection and respect of all whom she met. She shrank from conspicuousness, never claiming prominence by right of her position. She has left us a notable example of a class that is fast passing away. Therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That in the death of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, the Charleston Chapter U. D. C., mourns not only the loss of its first President and one of its founders, but one who had earned the love and affection of our members.

2. That the text of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a blank page be inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, the first President of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., and that copies of these resolutions, expressive of our love and sympathy be sent to the family of Mrs. Smythe.

Committee: Martha B. Washington, *Chairman*; Mrs. Thomas Frost, Mary B. Poppenheim.

CONFEDERATE RECORD.—It has been announced that compilation of the records of the Southern Confederacy, which have long been in the U. S. Archives, has been begun and that the work will be carried on under a special appropriation made by Congress. It will require about a year to complete this work,

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.—Many soldiers lie in unmarked graves, their identity unknown. The War Department of the United States has approved this inscription: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier, unknown but to God."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Pea ody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

THE REUNION AND C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

My Dear Coworkers: Delegates are urged to reach Little Rock on the morning of Tuesday, May 8, so as to be present at our opening, or welcome, meeting, as that is the outstanding and most brilliant of the convention meetings, with a splendid array of distinguished speakers, including the governor of the State, the mayor of the city, the general chairman of the Reunion Committee, our honored and beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Commander in Chief, S. C. V., President General, U. D. C., and President of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association. The presentation of your official family is planned as an interesting feature, to which the musical program adds much attraction; so by all means make your plans to begin with the convention and to remain through the convention. Do not fail to secure certificates for the reduced railroad fare, as only by the presentation at ticket office of these certificates are you enabled to get the benefit of the reduced rates. Mrs. Weinmann, President of the Little Rock Memorial Association, and her members are working untiringly to give you the very best convention and the most delightful social time which has ever been accorded to the C. S. M. A.

NEWS OF MISS RUTHERFORD.

Many letters from many States evidence the love and anxiety caused by the prolonged illness of our dear Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford. Letters just received from her family carry the very gratifying news of decided improvement. That she is bright and alert and is joyously and eagerly looking forward to the trip planned for her, to be present at the unveiling of the figure of our immortal Gen. Robert E. Lee, which is having the finishing touches put upon Traveller, completing what is generally accredited as a wonderful monument to the idol of Dixie, and to be unveiled on April 9, Miss Rutherford's countless friends will unite in petitions to the Giver of all Good that she may have the wish of her heart granted—to see the unveiling. At the suggestion of Miss Rutherford, the President General has appointed Mrs. Lamar Rutherford Lipscomb as Assistant Historian General. Mrs. Lipscomb has most intimate knowledge of the work and historical research done by our Historian General, having assisted for several years in preparing for publication much of Miss Rutherford's data. A brilliant writer, typically Southern in tradition and rearing, she embodies all the qualifications necessary for the work to which

she is consecrating her best endeavor, and her presence in Little Rock will add a very delightful note of Southern harmony. The C. S. M. A. are to be congratulated upon this acquisition to its official family.

MARY TALIAFERRO THOMPSON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. N. P. Webster, State President, and also President of the local Association, writes a most delightfully inspiring letter, telling of the interest in memorial work in the capital of the nation. That they "have splendidly attended meetings" indicates the deep and abiding spirit of love for the memorial work on the part of the President and her splendid leadership. No body of women can hope for success in any line of work if time and forethought are not the inspirational features in its plans and purposes. That they are concentrating upon work on one object and giving support to that one thing in united service, inspires and enthuses the membership. On January 19, a beautiful memorial service was held at the statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall of the Capitol. Representative Lozier, of Missouri, was the speaker, who paid wonderful tribute in his eulogy of the incomparable soldier and gentleman. Invocation and benediction was given by the son of a Confederate veteran, Rev. Harry Baker Smith. A wreath from the Memorial Association was placed at the foot of the statue by Mrs. Webster, and one also for the Junior Memorial Association, by Kathleen Nalle, President. Mrs. Webster writes that at the conclusion of the exercises a gentleman came forward and introduced himself as Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor of the monument on Stone Mountain, who was presented to the company, and all were thrilled and inspired by his very charming and modest manner and address. In conclusion, the letter says: "A delightfully inspiring occasion which deepens my pride in this work of which I am more proud than any society to which I belong."

Cordially yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

NEW EDITOR C. S. M. A.

Announcement is made of the appointment of Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla., as editor of the C. S. M. A. Department, Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley having resigned. All associations are earnestly urged to report to Mrs. Leigh all activities of interest.

UNVEILING AT STONE MOUNTAIN.

An official letter from the President of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association gives plans for the unveiling of the figure of Gen. R. E. Lee carved on that mountainside, and from which the following is taken:

The Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association has selected April 9 as the date to unveil the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, on horseback, on the north scarp of Stone Mountain, this date being selected because it is the anniversary of Appomattox. The thought was advanced by many that whereas April 9, 1865, might be regarded as the Gethsemane of anguish in the life of General Lee, so the unveiling of this heroic statue to his memory will be regarded as his resurrection from defeat—this comparison without any sort of sacrilege, but being made in true Christian humility and meekness.

To the unveiling ceremonies have been invited President Coolidge and his Cabinet; a specially appointed committee of five from the United States Senate and ten from the House of Representatives; the governors of all the forty-eight States of the Union have been invited, with their staffs; Hon. James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City, will make the address of acceptance of the statue on behalf of the nation; and Judge Marcus W. Beck, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, will make the address of acceptance on behalf of the South, and he will be the orator of the day.

Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of Mathews Courthouse, Va., the last survivor of General Lee's staff, has been invited to deliver the benediction.

The "Old Guard" of the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, will act as Sponsor and Guard of Honor for the occasion. The ceremonies will proceed directly under their charge in all details. The plans for the day will include a parade in the morning, the unveiling ceremonies at Stone Mountain in the afternoon, and a banquet in the evening.

Some twelve or fifteen famous military organizations in the South and East have been invited to participate, and many of them have accepted; and a long list of prominent and distinguished men and women throughout the South and the country have also been invited.

It is hoped to make the occasion a happy and joyous one and in keeping with the great significance of the event and the great character and achievements of General Lee. The heads of all civic and patriotic bodies in Atlanta, the South, and in the country will be invited, as well as the city, county, and State officials.

THE VIRGINIA ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

The following inquiry comes from Sterling Boisseau, 1307 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.:

"The original of the Virginia Ordinance of Secession is among the many lost documents. There are said to have been two originals written on parchment and signed by one hundred and forty-three of the delegates.

"There are a few lithograph copies in existence, yet even some of these do not contain all of the signatures, as some were lithographed before all of the members had signed. It must be borne in mind that the convention of 1861, by resolution, permitted the delegates who succeeded the original delegates to sign, if they wished to do so; this was done in a few cases.

"I have heard that one of these originals was somewhere in the State of Tennessee. Can anyone locate this original (written on parchment)?"

EMMA SANSOM, GIRL HEROINE.

BY UNCLE JOHNNY WEST, APPLE SPRINGS, TEX.

I was glad to see that Captain Dinkins's article in the December and January numbers of the *VETERAN* put Emma Sansom in front. She was a great girl and a fine woman, brave, and a true Christian.

In the year of 1892-93, Mr. Johnson, Emma Sansom's husband, employed me to do some machinery work for him, and the first day of my work he introduced me to his wife. At the dinner table, Mr. Johnson asked me if I was in the war, and "What command." I replied: "The 8th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest," I was with Joseph E. Johnston, the best general in the South!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "O, no, Mr. Johnson," I said, "if Forrest could have had the men in number with Johnston, he would have gone into Washington and took Abe Lincoln by the ears and 'blowed' him up like a bat." Well, this caused a great laugh. After a little while, Mrs. Johnson said: "I agree with Mr. West. I think Forrest one of the greatest men of the South!" She then asked me if I was with Forrest in the pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight. I told her no, that our regiment was sent to Florence and Bainbridge. "Well, do you remember anything about a girl getting up behind General Forrest on horseback and showing him an old ford on Black Creek so he could cross in pursuit of the Yankees?" I said I remembered the circumstance, but I could not remember the name. "Well," she said, "I am Emma Sansom." She also told me about two girls who captured the Yankees at that time. Then she made her statement just about the same as Capt. James Dinkins gave it in the *VETERAN*.

Now, I write this, thinking some of the old comrades who were with Forrest in the pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight would like to know what became of her. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to Texas and located near the line of Wood and Upshur Counties, twelve miles west of Gillmore, the county seat of Upshur County. They were fine people, lived well, and reared a large family, four sons and two daughters. She lived to see all her children grown and married and many grandchildren.

As best I can remember, she died in the year of 1902, and was laid to rest in Little Mound Cemetery, about twelve miles west of Gillmore, Tex., near the home she loved so well. I lived in the neighborhood of the Johnson family for twenty-five years, and I know whereof I write. I am now eighty-two years old.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 2, at 2 P.M.

Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Send money to Mrs. Dan Carroll, 63 Smith Place, and flowers to Mrs. Leroy H. Rose, 729 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. MRS. W. B. McLESKEY, *President*.

Approved by the President General.

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT.

The following comes from a good friend, R. A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, Ga., upon failure to get the *March VETERAN*: "I must have it. I wish the *VETERAN* came weekly instead of monthly. It is like a three days' rations in 1864—so good, I consume it all at one sitting, and then anxiously await the next."

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

We are approaching the half-way period of our official year. We have a little over six months remaining in which to gather in the quotas and convention pledges. We want a feeling of optimism and faith to prevail, and nothing short of each Division and pledgee doing her very best in every obligation assumed can bring this about—and a final report. We can do this if all of the Divisions will assume their obligations loyally. We are counting on *you*.

Feeling that a report concerning "The Women of the South in War Times" at this half-way season will interest and awake the enthusiasm of all delinquent Divisions, I submit the following:

Divisions that have gone "over the top" with their quotas, and more, twenty-two—Arkansas, Arizona, California, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia.

The delinquents are sixteen, as follows: Alabama, Colorado, District of Columbia, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, North Dakota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Utah.

Of the second list, only six Divisions have large U. D. C. populations. It is gratifying to report that encouraging reports and orders for distribution have been received this year. Please remember the remaining 1,695 copies on our shelves reported November, 1927. We must make a complete clearance, November, 1928.

Faithfully yours, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.
Fairmont, W. Va.

SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

HOUSTON, TEX., February 27, 1928.

Open letter to U. C. V.'s, S. C. V.'s, U. D. C.'s, and members of the Southland Memorial Association.

Comrades and Friends: On the 8th, 9th, and 10th of May we are expected to meet in reunion at Little Rock, Ark., where great preparations are being made for our reception and entertainment by the patriotic citizenship of that city. We should show our appreciation by attending, for we should enjoy ourselves greatly while there.

I am especially anxious to meet all living members of the Southland Memorial Association there, for we have very important business to attend to; besides, I want to render an account of my stewardship.

Owing to the difficulty I have had in securing an active board of trustees and the selection of a new executive board, resulting from lack of cooperation of those appointed to serve, I am looking now to the Southern States at large to unite in sponsoring the success of our association in its efforts to fitly commemorate the sacrificial service rendered by the women of the Confederacy for four tragic years. The legislature of Florida has already passed a resolution appealing to the Southern States to take action in this behalf, and the governors of a majority of the States have notified me that they are favorably disposed toward our efforts, and some of them have appointed men of distinction to serve on a committee to devise ways and means for carrying into effect the efforts of our association to honor the memory of the women of the Confederacy by the creation of a great Southland institute of learning, as has been proposed in our articles of association.

So, now permit me to urge upon all of you who can to attend our meeting at Little Rock, and come wearing your official badges and be prepared to join in a little reunion all

our own, where you can hear a report of what has been done and what we hope to do.

I hope to be able through the local papers to inform you in due time at our meeting, of the exact time and place where you will be asked to meet.

With best wishes for you all, I beg to remain as ever yours respectfully. S. O. MOODIE, *V. P. S. M. Association*.

REUNION RATES.

The following rates will be in effect for the thirty-eighth annual reunion, of the United Confederate Veterans, Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928:

From all points west of the Mississippi River in Southwestern and in Transcontinental Passenger Association territory to the Pacific Coast:

For veterans and their families and for the auxiliary bodies—namely, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Children of the Confederacy, Sponsors, Maids, Matrons, Chaperons. The fare one way for the round trip.

Tickets on sale May 3-10 and for trains scheduled to arrive at Little Rock before noon, May 11. Return limit, June 9, 1928.

From all points east of the Mississippi River and south of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, but including the cities of Washington, Cincinnati, and Evansville, the rate will be:

For Confederate veterans and members of their immediate families, one cent per mile each way to Memphis added to the one way fare of \$4.97 from there.

For the auxiliary bodies as named above, the fare to Little Rock one way for the round trip.

Tickets sold May 5-10, and for trains scheduled to reach Little Rock by noon of May 11. Final return limit, June 9.

Stop overs at all points en route during life of ticket allowed.

North of the Potomac, Ohio, and Missouri Rivers, no reduced rates apply.

Veterans and others entitled in those territories should purchase to Washington and other border points and repurchase at the reduced rates in effect from there.

"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 9."

The following comes from Charles M. Miller, "formerly of the 2nd Company, Richmond, Howitzers," whose present address is Keyser, W. Va.: "In the March VETERAN appears an article over the name of J. Markham Marshall, a son of the late Col. Charles Marshall, secretary to Gen. R. E. Lee from the beginning to the end of the War between the States, bearing upon a claimed discovery of the original address of General Lee to his army at the surrender, April 9, 1865. For many years Colonel Marshall was my counsel in an exceptionally large estate of wild lands in the mountains of Maryland. In his Baltimore office, on one occasion, Colonel Marshall called my attention to this address, on a small scrap of paper spread out before us, written by him, sitting on the end of an ambulance, at the request of General Lee. Distinctly do I remember the deep mark cutting out a particular word, Colonel Marshall explaining that it was a pencil mark by General Lee, stating as he drew the broad mark: 'This is a rather strong word, and I never cared for adjectives anyhow.'

"The above designated letter of Mr. Marshall coincides to an exactness with the essentials of what Col. Charles Marshall explained with deliberation to me."

Mrs. Ferol Sandrock, 2017 Charles Street, Falls City, Nebr., wishes to secure the war record of her father, George W. Barker, a native of Virginia, who joined the Confederate army on the last day of August, 1861, serving with Company I, 57th Virginia Regiment. Later, upon a call for sailors, he volunteered for the navy, and is said to have been with the Virginia (Merimac) in the engagement with the Monitor. He continued in the navy until he became sick and was sent home, during which time came the surrender. Before going out West, he lived at Charleston, W. Va. It is hoped that some surviving comrades can testify to his service.

Mrs. J. W. Stafford, Box 451, Marietta, Okla., wishes to hear from anyone who served in the Confederate army with James Evert Branch, who was with the 34th Alabama Regiment. One of the officers of his command was "Whit Duke." This is in behalf of a pension claimant.

Miss Alta O. Vallen, R. R. No. 11, Box 132, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to locate Capt. John P. Brock, who commanded Company H, 10th Virginia Cavalry, or any other officers or men of that command who can testify to the service of John B. Armtrout. She will appreciate any information along that line.

John Riley, Box 425, Elk City, Okla., is trying to establish his Confederate service in order to secure a pension, and he will appreciate hearing from any old comrades or friends who can testify to that service. He volunteered at Austin, Tex., in 1862, and served with Company C (Capt. John H. Robinson), of Duff's Regiment of Cavalry, until 1864, about the Rio Grande, then through the Indian Territory to Arkansas, where the command went into winter quarters, and later went back to Texas and was disbanded in Austin in 1865. He is in need of a pension.

Mrs. A. D. Johns, Sr., of Keatchie, La., seeks information on the war service of her father and uncle, Dr. S. M. Parry and John Bill Parry, the former a Texas veteran and the latter from Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Parry died at Little Rock, Ark., in 1862, and John B. Parry was killed at the battle of Lookout Mountain.

J. J. Robertson, Adjutant, U. C. V. Camp at Abilene, Tex., sends a new subscription with his renewal order for "the finest piece of literature published," and doesn't want to miss a copy. He asks that any survivors of Company D, 11th Missouri Regiment, Parsons's Brigade, Missouri Volunteers, will meet him at the Little Rock reunion, or write him at Abilene, Route No. 4.

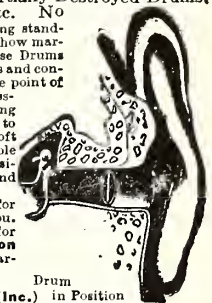
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Thomas J. Mason, 606 Shrewsbury Street, Charleston, W. Va., makes inquiry for survivors of the 10th Virginia Cavalry, and would like to hear from any of them.

J. A. Smith, Box 1058, Miami, Ariz., inquires for any surviving comrades of Company K, 47th Tennessee Infantry. He enlisted at Weatherford Station, Gibson County, Tenn., about 1862, and fought under Capts Green Homes and Tom Cummings, Col. M. R. Hill, and Brigadier General Preston. He is in his eighty-sixth year.

Col. D. M. Armstrong, of Roanoke, Va., renews for himself and one other, and says: "I cannot think of dropping the VETERAN, as I have been a continuous patron since 1908, and have been a close reader of the VETERAN. I have read in it many articles relative to battles in which I participated."

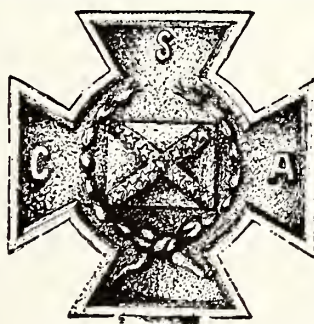
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Atlanta, Ga., April 1, 1928.

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